GENUINE

YE MOWER.

ANUFACTURED BY

LLER & CO., Akron, Ohio.

manufactured under the general supervis-
entee of the BUCKEYE MOWER, and is
Guaranteed to be the lightest draft and
rket.

of every farmer to try this mower before
is sold by local agents all through New
d! See that the word BUCKEYE is cast
ur mower.

LER, Gen'l Ag't for Maine.
Portland, Maine.
, Augusta. 13t23

DE LAVAL
Cream Separators.

Hand and Power Separators, skimming
om 300 to 1200 lbs. per hour. Ten per
nt. increase of product guaranteed, over
e most improved setting systems. Infor-
ation cheerfully given. For Illustrated
atalogue and Prices, address our Agents,

KENDALL & WHITNEY,
Portland, Me.,
or THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO.,
74 Cortlandt St., New York. 20t11

OINT FOR HEALTH

Trouble,
by using the oldest and best
's Bitters. It will make new, rich blood, and add vigor
he "L. F."

TTLE, write, April 5, 1888:—
good satisfaction; we have sold them for many years.

AUGUSTA SAVINGS BANK,
ORGANIZED IN 1848.

Assets, Feb. 1, 1889, $5,190,788.95.
Surplus, $321,678.17.

TRUSTEES—Wm. S. Badger, Thomas Lambard, Artemas Libbey, Samuel Titcomb, J. H. Manley.

Deposits received and placed on interest the first day of every month.
Interest paid or credited in account on the first Wednesday of February and August.
Deposits are exempt by law from all taxes, and accounts are strictly confidential.
Especial privileges afforded to Executors, Administrators, Guardians, Trustees, married women and minors. 49tf WM. R. SMITH, Treasurer.

Sheriff's Sale.

KENNEBEC, ss.: Taken on execution, wherein Henry M. Faught of Augusta, in said county of Kennebec, is creditor, and Nelson S. Neal of said Augusta is debtor, and will be sold by public auction, on Saturday, the eighth day of June, A. D., 1889, at two o'clock in the afternoon, at the office of M. S. Halsey, Esq., in said Augusta, the following described real estate, and all the right, title and interest which the said Nelson S. Neal has in and to the same, to wit: A certain lot or parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, bounded and described as follows: Beginning on the east by State street; on the south, west and north by land of D. T. Pike and Clinena Pike, and being the same premises described in a mortgage deed, by said Nelson S. Neal to Eugene W. Whitehouse, dated Dec. 29, 1887, and recorded in the Kennebec Registry of Deeds, Book 369, page 226.

Dated this fourth day of May, A. D., 1889.
WM. H. LIBBY, *Deputy Sheriff.*
823

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of April, 1889.*

LENDALL TITCOMB, Guardian of GEORGE C. MULLIKEN of Augusta, in said county, insane, having petitioned for license to sell and convey the real estate of said ward, the proceeds to be placed on interest, viz: All the interest of said ward in the Page Fund situated in said Augusta.

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of May next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 22

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of April, 1889.*

PETITIONS having been presented by the widow, DARTHA DAVIS GRAY, of Winthrop, and SAMUEL MARSON of Pittston, deceased, for allowance out of the personal estate—

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of May next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 22

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of April, 1889.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of CORINNA W. LOCKE, late of Augusta, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate—

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of May next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, in said county, on the said day of May next, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and testament of said deceased.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of AUGUSTUS N. TARBELL, late of Waterville, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

J. F. TARBELL.
April 23, 1889. 25*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Executor of the last will and testament of ELIZA A. HAYFORD, late of Hallowell, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

HERVEY K. WHITCOMB, Ag't.
April 23, 1889. 25* SAMUEL WHITCOMB, Ag't.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Executor of the last will and testament of RELIEF BOOTHBY, late of Fayette, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

WILLIAM H. WHITTIER, JR.
April 23, 1889. 25*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Executor of the last will and testament of DEAN SMITH, late of Sidney, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

GEO. D. SWIFT.
April 23, 1889. 25* JOHN H. SWIFT.

FISTULA treated without the use of the knife or detention from business, also all other diseases of the Rectum. Cure guaranteed. WM. READ (M. D. Harvard, 1876), Evans Block, Cor. Tremont and Boylston Sts., Boston. Residence, 178 Tremont Street, Boston. Residence phone, 1414. Consultation free. Send for pamphlet. Office hours, 11 A. M. to 4 P. M. (Sunday and holidays excepted.) 1y14

PILES

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and P. O. address.
H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

NOTICE! To the Ladies. A woman who suffered for several years from female troubles and was cured. Will be glad to tell any ladies how the remedy which is absolutely sure, and every lady can treat herself. A free package sent to all who write for same. Address Box 507, Auburn, Me.

WANTED!
MORE MEN to sell our Fruit and Ornamental Stock. We can give you steady employment and extra cash commission. Address for terms,
E. B. RICHARDSON & CO., Nurserymen, 19t17 GENEVA, N. Y.

Pure POLAND CHINA SWINE, bredand for sale by RUFUS PRINCE, So. Turner, Me. 15tf

$65 A MONTH AND BOARD PAID for highest commission and for DAYS' CREDIT to Agents on our New Book. P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., 730 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. 26t26

Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &C.

BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors. "OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN." TERMS: Two Dollars per annum, in Advance.

VOL. LVII. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1889. No. 28.

Pastures foul with bushes and weeds should be closely fed in the early part of the year. There is nothing like it for cleaning them of foul growth.

The farmer must invest capital and advance effort if he would accomplish results. Standing back at arm's length, afraid to pitch in, never won success anywhere.

Horace Greeley once said, "There are one hundred men who know how to *get* money where there is one who knows how to *take good care* of it." This is as true on the farm as elsewhere.

Don't wait for the land to get weedy in the fields before starting the harrow and the cultivator. The best time to kill weeds is before they make their appearance. A mere stirring of the surface is then all that is needed to accomplish the work.

A new department for the study of fungi has been added to the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station. During the past year experiments have made to learn the best remedies for treating rusts, smuts, rots, mildews, blights, and other diseases injurious to vegetation.

Now is a good time for a young farmer to invest in some good stock for his farm. Prices are at the bottom, yet the advantage of such stock was never more apparent. The smaller the income from stock on account of low prices the greater the necessity to have only the best.

Don't wait for the currant bushes to be stripped of their leaves before sprinkling. Use white hellebore in water and apply with a common garden sprinkler. A solution of copperas, four ounces to a gallon of water, is also recommended as being effectual.

Some one names cotton seed meal, well rubbed into the hair, as a remedy for lice on cattle. The oily nature of the meal may make it effectual in the destruction of these parasites, and certainly it would be harmless. We have found an internal application, a good preventive.

In advocating the silo, a farmer states that he is convinced of their great value, and considers "that ensilage is indispensible to successful winter feeding." Does he lose sight of the many farmers who are making a success from their bountiful hay mows? Extreme claims are neither sound or convincing.

The action of Pennsylvania on the bogus butter question is quite in contrast with our neighboring State of Massachusetts. An attempt was recently made in that State to repeal the law which entirely prohibits the manufacture and sale of the stuff within its borders. The bill was squarely met and defeated by a vote of more than two to one.

The planting now is largely over, or, at least, well advanced. The fields, remaining, however, are generally the heavy lands, and these especially need thorough and repeated working to fit them for the seed. A better crop will be assured, and the after culture will be much easier and less costly. This is work that it is never best to slight.

The California *Fruit Grower* contains comparative estimates of the income from growing grapes for wine and drying. The net result from wine is $12 per ton. A ton of ripe grapes yields 615 pounds of dried grapes, which, at 2½ cents per pound, amounts to $15.37. The cost of drying in the sun is $3.07, making the net yield $13.30 per ton. We can get that price for hay in Maine, and can raise a ton of it far easier than of grapes.

Professor Wiley of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, has been making chemical examination of butter from cows fed on cotton seed meal. The analysis showed a low percentage of volatile acids, and, what is of more importance in an economic view, a remarkably high melting point. It is well understood by dairymen, however, that butter from cows fed with grain of any kind usually used for the purpose, is much firmer than when fed on grass or hay alone.

Hon. J. B. Walker of New Hampshire, argues that upon good grass land hay may be grown upon a 100-acre farm as a specialty, give employment to man and team the entire summer season and pay a fair percentage on the investment. He would plow and re-seed once in five years, applying five cords of manure per acre, sowing pure seed and cultivating the top five inches as thoroughly as for a garden. His standard yield is from two and one-half to three and one-half tons per acre. Would plow one year before the land seems to need it, and never half do anything, especially half manure. Always seed in autumn, as annual weeds are then killed by frost before doing harm.

Prof. G. E. Morrow, Dean of the College of Agriculture, and Agriculturist of the Experiment Station of the University of Illinois, is to visit Great Britain, France and Germany during his summer vacation, attending the agricultural exhibitions and visiting Agricultural Colleges, Experiment Stations, and leading farmers and breeders. He has been commissioned by Secretary Rusk as an honorary representative of the United States Department of Agriculture at the Jubilee Show of the Royal Agricultural Society of England at Windsor and at other places, and especially to collect information concerning stock-breeding and management. Prof. Morrow has made a special study of these subjects in his work.

Low prices in certain products occasionally must be encountered by the farmer. The apple growers and the potato producers have seemed to be the victims in our State the past year. They are not alone, however. An Ohio correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, in rehearsing the "woes" of farmers in that State, refers to two onion growers near us who have dumped two thousand bushels on the back lots for want of buyers, no one being found who would remove and pay freight on them. The potato growers are but little better off, ten and fifteen cents only being the selling price when a man can be found who wants to buy. At times there seems to be such a condition as being burdened with bounty. Certainly, some of our largest fruit growers have found the crop a burden.

The farmers in the Missouri legislature, it seems, act like men in standing together for the interest they represent. That is the way for farmer-legislators to act, and not let organized capital have its way over other interest gets its dress. *Colman's Rural World* gives the refreshing piece of news that the members of the Missouri general assembly who are directly and personally interested in agriculture, have formed an alliance without respect to party lines, and have agreed to support and work for all measures that are for the advancement of this industry, which is the basis of the prosperity of all others. There are in both branches of the legislature over sixty members who are classed as farmers, —enough, if united, and with the help they are sure to get in other directions, to carry any wise measure. This looks like business. If farmers will not unite in aid of their own affairs it can not be expected that others will come to their assistance.

The Season.

Up to date the season has been all the farmer could wish. Work on the land opened early in April, and has continued without serious interruption up to the present time. Last autumn there was so much rainfall that comparatively little of the usual preparatory work for the present year's seeding was done. This left a larger amount than usual in hand this spring, and it was a great advantage that it could be entered upon at an early date. The result of this fortunate condition is that there has been a wide breadth of seed put into the ground, already much more than last year, and still the work is going on. The year, too, has been well done. There has been ample time for thorough preparation of the soil, and its dry and mellow condition has admitted of its being done to the best and most perfect manner. The early sowing of the grain with the proper preparation of the soil insures a good crop from the start. It is the late sown grain that often fails.

Vegetation is even more forward than the farm work. The almost continuous sunshine, together with the prevailing warm weather, have sent the grass and the foliage of trees along with a marvelous growth for the date of the month. On our own farm, the cows came from the pasture to the barn the 12th, refusing their feed of hay for the night, a record a week earlier than was ever before made on the farm, and three weeks earlier than a year ago. Grass came out of the open winter with very little of killing, and is now showing thick, heavy and forward. Timely rains in June will give us another bountiful crop of this sheet anchor to the Maine farmer's prosperity. The mild winter and short feeding season is leaving a plentiful supply of hay in farmers' hands, notwithstanding the large amount of stock with which they went into the winter.

Fruit trees wintered perfectly and put out a medium full blossom, enough for a crop of fruit if all conditions prove favorable. The full bloom of apple trees in this section of the State was but just past the middle of the month, full two weeks earlier than the average season.

Thus nature and the weather seem to be doing their part in aid of the husbandman's efforts, and if his work be diligently pursued and intelligently conducted, a bountiful harvest is sure to be the reward.

The Newtown Pippin.

Mr. W. Robinson, the genial editor of the *London Garden* and author of several valuable works on horticultural subjects, writes as follows to the Garden and Forest, New York, with reference to a statement that American apples are inferior in quality to those raised in England:

A man writes confidently about what he knows, and here I find many people judge a fruit more by its appearance than by its flavor; but let at least one who puts flavor first say that an American Newtown Pippin is the best apple in the world.

If your people can only grow enough of it, and ripen it well, the rest of the world will have to be very active, indeed, to beat you in apples. They have first to raise a kind to equal it. We have good apples here, and there are good apples in France (though not quite equal to ours, I think). But there is nothing with the splendid high flavor and lasting quality of the Newtown Pippin. I am writing this on the 6th of March, and there are Newtown Pippins here in London, still, after their long voyage and long keeping, of high quality. Our own eating apples have disappeared long ago. There may be a few often flavorless, in private collections, but in Covent Garden one sees nothing of them. I often wonder when reading your excellent rural journals that I do not find anything about the Newtown, and, so far as I have been able to judge, Americans generally do not value it fairly. They tell me they have better apples, but better would be too good for this poor world.

An inquiry to us a few days since, indicates that some of our fruit growers in this State do not yet know that the apple so extolled by the London authority does not succeed outside its own native locality. We learn it has been purchased of agents quite freely the past year, and of course has just been set out from those orders. Probably those purchasers were not aware that this old variety has been long tried among fruit growers in this State, and is still found in large collections. But in no case has it proved a profitable fruit. It is a shy bearer, and never shows that superior excellence for which it has been so long noted when grown on the Hudson. It may be well enough for one to have a tree of the kind, but not much satisfaction will come of it.

Test of Dairy Apparatus.

Dairymen, as well as farmers generally, need to know more and take less second-handed from parties having motives governed by personal interests. The experiment stations are designed to labor in the direction of establishing and disseminating just the information needed by those who are engaged in production. Bulletin No. 7, of the New Hampshire Station, Prof. G. H. Whitcher, Director, is devoted to a report in detail of a test of different apparatus for creaming milk, carried on at the New Hampshire Station, January 9-10, in connection with a meeting of the Granite State Dairymen's Association. The details were carefully arranged, and the comparison seems to have been as well conducted as any single trial could have been.

The accompanying "rules" were read before, and sanctioned, by the President and Secretary of the Granite State Dairymen's Association, the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture and the Director of the Experiment Station; the same persons agreed upon the following committee to conduct the work: J. L. Gerrish, Secretary Dairymen's Association, Geo. A. Philbrick, member of the State Board of Agriculture, and D. S. Bridgman of Hanover. The experiment Station was to furnish apparatus, provide milk, and so far as possible render assistance in way of manual labor, etc. The chemical work was to be done at the Station Laboratory.

RULES FOR TESTS OF DAIRY APPARATUS.

"At the Farmer's Institute, to be held by the New Hampshire Board of Agriculture, Granite State Dairymen's Association, and Experiment Station, at Hanover, N. H., Jan. 8, 9, and 10, 1889, the following tests will be made:

First. Comparative test of Moseley and Stoddard, Cooley, Johnson Top Can separator, and the DeLaval Hand Power Separator; also any other apparatus manufacturers of which may express a desire to enter in this test before Jan. 1st.

Second. A test of churns, including Stoddard, Davis, and Blanchard, and any other which manufacturers may request to have tested; this request to be made before Jan. 1st.

RULES.

1. One representative of each system will be allowed to witness all operations, to see that each variety of apparatus is handled as it should be, the actual work, however, will be performed by those selected by the Director of the Station, the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture and the Secretary of the Dairymen's Association.

2. Seventy-five pounds of milk will be used by each system Tuesday morning, Jan. 8, and seventy-five pounds by each system, Tuesday night; each test will, therefore, consist of one hundred and fifty pounds of milk.

3. The cans used by each competing manufacturer shall be their usual cans, used in the common way; the hand power separator shall be the DeLaval vertical, run at not less than forty, nor more than forty-six turns a minute.

4. The temperature of the milk, which shall be of the milking corresponding with the time of setting or separating, may be between from 70° to 90°, as each system may desire.

5. All milk will set twenty-four hours in water at any temperature desired, from 40° to 60°, and the skimming will be by the surface skimmer of the Moseley and Stoddard and the bottom skimming device of the Cooley, and all others, in like manner, by their common advertised methods. The cream will be run through the hand separator as soon as the whole milk is divided into three parts, a sufficient quantity of the skim milk being poured back and run again, to displace the cream in the bowl.

6. The "separated" cream will be held in ice water until Wednesday night, as will the first skimming from the deep setting; on Wednesday night, when the last skimming is done, all the cream from each system will be warmed to 85° and will stand in the same rooms at a temperature as near 65° as is possible; it will be regularly and equally stirred at such times as may be agreed upon until it is time to put it in the churn.

7. Churning will commence as near 8 A. M., Thursday, the 10th, as possible, and, as each lot will be churned in the same churn, from the start. It is the late sown grain that often fails.

8. The final award of merit shall rest upon the basis of the per cent. of *actual fat*, (as determined by analysis of the milk, and the weight of the milk) *that is recovered* in the butter; (also determined by analysis of the butter.) To make this clear I will give an example. Suppose the milk to contain 4 per cent. of *fat*, 150 lbs. x .04=6.00 lbs. actual fat. Suppose this to make 6¾ lbs. of butter containing 80 per cent. of fat, 6.25x.80=5 lbs. of fat in butter; that is, out of six pounds of fat in the milk five have been recovered in the butter, or 83⅓ per cent. of the total fat of the milk is found in the butter; this represents the efficiency of the system used.

The quality of the butter from each system will also be determined by an expert."

The committee conducted the tests without mishap in any part of the work.

The Johnson Top Can Separator, a new device for raising cream by cold deep setting, was not in working shape, as only half the necessary number of cans were brought, and consequently one setting stood but nine hours, and the other but thirteen and a half, thus making it impossible to compare the results of this system with the others. I have given the figures, however.

The work of mixing and dividing the milk was done with the greatest of care. The order of taking out the night's setting being the reverse of the morning's, so that all danger of getting richer milk at the top might be avoided, since the men then took the top milk in the morning took the bottom milk at night.

The Centrifugal Separator used was run by hand power, and of course did not skim as thoroughly as the larger machines that run by steam power.

Table I gives the following details of the work:

TABLE I.

	Milk.				Cream.			Skim-milk.	Butter-milk.	Butter.				
	Moseley & Stoddard.	Cooley.	Johnson Top Can.	Separator.										
	Amount set.	Temperature of milk.	Temperature of water in which set.	Temperature of water when skimmed.	Time milk set.	Amount.	Time required to churn.	Temperature when churned.	Amount.	Per cent. of fat in	Amount.	Per cent. of fat in	Per cent. of casein in	Per cent. of water in	Quality, 100 being per pound of butter.	Efficiency of system.	Milk required per pound of butter.
	lbs.	deg.	deg.	deg.	hrs.	lbs.	min.	deg.	lbs.		lbs.						
A. M.	75	90	40	32	24	34	31	62½	57	0.54	6	oz. ½	80.59	0 46	14.07	89	*82.11*	lbs. 24.8
P. M.	75	91	40	32	21				58	0.78								
A. M.	75	90	40	32	23½				58½	0.27								
P. M.	75	91	42	35	21½	33½	38	65	57⅜	0.22								
A. M.	48	90	40	32	9				30	0.19								
P. M.	48	91	42	35	13½	21	17	65	38	0.46								
A. M.										0.41								
P. M.	143½	90	47	50		55	55	29½	88	0.43								
A. M.	75	87			17*	26½	33	60	113½	0.32								
P. M.	75	87			17				63¾	0.37								
A. M.						17⅓	22	61	65	0.39								
P. M.										0.26								

*Time of separating, in minutes.

The committee of experts who examined the butter consisted of C. H. Waterhouse, President of the New England Creamers' Association, and H. W. Sadd of Connecticut.

The butter was marked in the following scale for perfect butter: Flavor, 50, Grain, 25, Color, 15, Salt, 10.

Table II gives the full marking of each sample:

	Perfect butter would mark.	Moseley and Stoddard.	Cooley.	Johnson top can.	Shallow six quart pans.	DeLaval hand separator.
Flavor	50	40	50	45	41	45
Grain	25	15	10	15	15	10
Color	15	14	13	15	15	10
Salt	10	10	10	10	10	10
Total	100	89	83	86	95	86

The efficiency of the various systems is based upon the per cent. of the total fat in the milk which is found in the butter. (See No. 8 of "Rules of Test"); this was taken because it is the only true test. If one system gives a cream which churns less thoroughly than the cream from by another system, it is just as much to the discredit of the former as though the fat was left in the skim milk, consequently if we arrive at a knowledge of the value of any given system we must follow the original fat in the milk through the lump of butter, and find the per cent. of this fat that is recovered.

Of the fat not recovered in the butter, the greater part of it that is left in the skim-milk, and the less the part left in the butter-milk the better, because of the fact that skim-milk is in better shape to feed to calves than butter-milk. We give per cent. of the total fat as possible into the butter; second, of the portion not recovered get as little as possible in the butter-milk.

The milk used in these tests was sampled and analyzed. Morning's milk had 3.93 per cent. of fat, night's milk, 3.99 per cent. of fat.

The following table shows the amount of fat in the milk, the amount lost in the skim-milk and butter-milk, and the amount recovered in the butter:

	Moseley & Stoddard.	Cooley.	Johnson Top can.	Separator.
	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.
Total fat in milk	5.9496	5.9490	5.9500	5.9500
Lost in skim-milk	.3846	.3960	.3976	.4515
Lost in butter-milk	.0020	.0718	.2140	.1089
Recovered in butter	4.5730	4.7732	5.3384	5.4118
	per cent.	per cent.	per cent.	
Per cent. of Total fat lost in skim milk	5.47	5.31	7.03	7.98
Per cent. of Total fat lost in butter-milk	10.13	14.67	3.78	1 83
Per cent of Total fat recovered in butter	82.11	80.36	91.07	91.10

If perfect work could be done, and if there was such a thing as absolute accuracy, the sum of the fat in butter, skim-milk and butter-milk would equal the fat in the milk; but as it is there are small errors in weighing, and in chemical analysis and sampling, which are unavoidable. Every chemist recognizes certain limits of error in his work, and the variations in the Babcock tests weighings made with standard scales are imperfect; as a result we find just what would be expected, namely, that the sum of the fat in butter, skim-milk and butter-milk in the various tests not correspond exactly with the fat in the milk, but if we take the four lots, it appears that we had, in the milk used, 23.47 pounds of fat, and there is accounted for 23.41 pounds, an error of less than one-sixth of an ounce, hence we may reasonably conclude that these errors, as a whole, balance.

The figures are so plain that comment is needed upon, we may place the Separator first, the Open pans second, the Moseley and Stoddard third, and the Cooley last, in point of efficiency.

The separated cream was at once placed in water and surrounded with ice, the temperature being kept as near at 40°, the first separating of the milk that was set was also kept in ice water, and at this temperature no appreciable amount of "ripening" could have taken place. The shallow pans were skimmed until 4 P. M., Wednesday, the temperature of the room varying from 47° to 55°.

At 6.36 P. M., Wednesday, all the cream was removed from ice water and warmed to 58° and set in a room, the temperature of which was 63°, here it remained until 10.30 A. M., Thursday, it had, therefore, sixteen hours for which to ripen. It is a well known fact that cream at 85° ripens much faster than cream at 60°, hence the time allowed for ripening was not uncommonly short, but, as a matter of theory, was well up to that allowed in most creameries, and, while there is no absolute standard by which degrees of "ripeness" may be determined, I have no doubt that the cream used in these tests was as well ripened in 16 hours after being warmed to 85°, as it would have been in 24 hours at 62°. This was carefully considered when "Rule 6" was framed, for it was known that 24 hours could not be allowed, consequently the higher temperature was introduced to compensate for the lack of time. The circumstances were such that two and one-half hours' additional time was given more than Rule 7 calls for, it is only fair to suppose, therefore, that the cream was of average ripeness.

Lots were drawn to determine the order of churning, the Shallow pans were first, Stoddard second, Separator third, Cooley fourth, Johnson fifth. Two Stoddard churns were secured, so that with the Shallow pans and the Stoddard cream, churning commenced at 10.48 A. M., Thursday, with the Separator and Cooley at 12.30 P. M., and with the Johnson at 1.16 P. M.

Book-keeping and Business.

What a Woman Says about It.

The following essay, taken from the *N. E. Farmer*, was read before Union Grange, Holliston, Mass., by Miss Mary E. Cutler:

Probably no occupation is carried on with so little regard to business rules as that of farming. The farmer requires more education, and a knowledge of a greater variety of subjects than any of the so-called learned professions.

The man who knows only how to turn a good furrow, prepare the soil for the seed, stop the growth of weeds, and promote the growth of the plant, has not mastered the art of successful farming. Nor has the man who knows only how to raise fine horses, sleek cattle or fat swine, or how to fertilize his fields to the best advantage, raise the best corn or potatoes, or the highest yield of oats or barley.

The man who to-day really makes a thorough success as a farmer, must combine all these elements of knowledge, and many more.

It used to be said that any fool could be a farmer; but at the present day people begin to realize the fact that the farmer needs the most education. The time has gone by when the haphazard, slipshod, go-as-you-please methods of farming can be made to pay.

Agriculture has come to be recognized as a science. Millions of acres of land in the States and Territories have been opened up to the plow, and their surplus products are forced upon the markets of the world. The products of the cheap labor of foreign countries are also emptied into our midst to glut our markets. The farmers upon the worn soils of the older States, and especially our own New England soils, must look closely to the details of their business or go *to the wall*.

What would be thought of the manufacturer who did not know to the fraction of a cent the cost of the raw material and labor put into a yard of cloth? or the manufacturer of leather who did not know the exact cost of the material and labor required to make a case of boots and shoes? or the manufacturer of oleomargarine who knows what it costs per pound, and laughs in his sleeve at the farmer's gilt-edged butter?

And yet, how many farmers can tell the cost of a pound of butter or pork, a bushel of potatoes or corn, or a ton of hay? They sell their products for what they can get offered, not knowing whether they are making or losing.

The remedy is this: When farmers come to realize that farming is a business as much as manufacturing, or banking, or buying and selling goods, and by a careful keeping of accounts learn to figure the cost of every article they produce, then a successful beginning will have been made. Let them keep debt and credit with every piece of vegetation or beans or grain.

Charge each acre with the interest on its value, the probable amount of fertilizing material used by the crop, the cost of labor in its care, credit it with the market value of the crop produced. The difference between the two will represent the profit or loss.

A like account should be kept with the herd of cows. If any one of the number entails a loss upon you, dispose of her.

Keep a strict account with the orchard, if you have one. Debit it with the labor employed in its care and in harvesting of its fruit, credit it with the value of its golden product, and learn from the balance on the right side of the ledger that it is one of your best friends. I have said that the farmer needs to be educated for this business. One branch of study I would particularly recommend, that is bookkeeping. I speak from personal knowledge and experience, and know it pays. It is like the compass to the mariner.

The farmer's book is one of reference, to which he can at any time refer for date, or article bought or sold, and price given or received for the same. "Where does our money go to?" and perchance lead to a more careful consideration and economy.

Having learned to calculate the cost of the products of the farm, the next business is to know how to sell them. Make a study of the markets, and learn for yourselves the prices of those things you wish to sell. If you cannot fix your own prices, you can at least prevent being taken advantage of by unscrupulous traders.

Do away with the middle man. Don't employ your local marketers and expressmen to sell your products, they will return you as little as they dare to. There's too many following in the footsteps of "Old Hutch," the millionaire of Chicago, who figured so largely in the recent wheat speculation.

Do your own selling. If the price is below the cost of producing, hold on to the product till you can double your money.

Foot-Rot in Sheep.

A correspondent of *Stockman and Farmer* gives a new method of applying the usual blue vitriol remedy for the cure of the foot-rot in sheep. His method can but commend itself to those who have been called upon to treat this disease, and we reproduce it for the benefit of those of our readers who may be interested:

Take one pound blue vitriol, powdered fine, one pound pure white lead, mix well together, and thin with linseed oil and turpentine to the consistency of ordinary paint. Clean the feet affected, and apply with a brush. This application will adhere much longer than when the vitriol is mixed with vinegar.

A New Move.

The Holstein-Friesian Association at the late annual meeting passed a resolution offering a bonus of five dollars to breeders for every bull calf they killed or castrated. There was a funny proceeding. What sort of a breeder is it that would be induced to castrate or kill his bull calves at five dollars a head; and then again what good would it do if they accepted the offer? Is it possible the country is too full of Holstein bulls? We think not, if they could be induced to take the place of the little scrubs that now infest every community. This rule was of course adopted on the plan that the Dutch adopted in their management of Spice Islands, cutting down half the trees in order to increase the value of what remained.

This may be a shrewd business movement, but it will not help the general reputation of the breed. If these gentlemen really wish to do something in the shape of missionary work for blooded cattle, let them devise some means for getting rid of the poor cows and stop their breeding. The high prices received for calves, when one looks just as good as another, sets a premium on undesirable animals. Of course there is always a faint hope that the calf will be better than its dam, but it would be far wiser if the chances never were taken. It is this poor cow's barrier that stands in the way of immediate improvement in all the fancy breeds, and with such an inducement to raise every female and keep them breeding, it is only a wonder that the different breeds are able to do as well as they are doing. With scrub cattle the poor females are killed off without ceremony so fast as they are discovered; but unfortunately there are no very good rules for finding them out; so that a great many of them make their escape and keep on adding to the number of poor offspring. Is there no way of reaching these cows among the blooded breeds? One great obstacle in the way is the objection owners have to first advertising that there are such animals in the breed and then owning up that they are to be found in their herds. Perhaps, if allowed to pick them out of their neighbors' herds they might find them, as it is always easier to find the mote in our neighbor's eye than the beam in our own.

Now is the time for advancing any suggestions in the way of improvement in the conduct of dairy cattle organizations, for the members are just now particularly wide awake to any suggestions that will improve the selling qualities of their favorites. Low prices have a tendency to quicken the instincts of men who could make more money better for these breeds than to have the large surplus of the several cattle associations applied to reducing the number of undesirable females that now lumbers up the herd books to the loss of fodder, to bring the ration to its proper proportion. All grains are useful to a certain extent. They reduce the bulk, but only peas, beans, cotton seed meal, oil cake, flax seed and a few others, are narrow enough in their nutritive ratio to bring oat straw and poor hay in as a profitable food.

If foods have to be bought, our experience has been that cotton seed and oil cake were, by long odds, the most profitable to buy; but, latterly, we have raised our own flax in preference to buying oil cake or linseed meal. We have also sold without any further preparation than simply boiling it to a jelly and mixing it with other grains. The threshing of the seed off the stalks is of somewhat tedious operation with us, as we use a flail and fanning mill with fine sieves, but we think we are well paid for our trouble in this particular. The composition of flax seed is about as follows:

Water	12.5
Albumen	17.2
Carbo-hydrates	9.5
Fat	35.2
Digestible.	

It will be seen that flax seed contains a very large proportion of fat, or oil, which makes its nutritive ratio appear somewhat wide when compared with oil cake. Just here, let me say, we do not hold the whole flax seed to be a better food for any purpose than the ground meal. But we do know it is much cheaper, and we are sure of its containing no injurious ingredients, as the cake sometimes does. When first feeding whole flax seed we noted the fact that in accordance with experiments made by the chemist Wolff, the addition of extra fat to a ration did not decrease the digestibility of the other constituents, as would be accounted for by an excess of starch or fibre did. Our own experience agrees with the German statement, although we cannot pretend to any close calculations.

Stephens, the well known English writer, in his "Book of the Farm" says: "Oil cake or flax seed independently as an article of food or manure, is an excellent medicine for live stock, preventing constipation, and to this thing, and to a sweetness of coat unattainable by other means." Prof. Stewart, the other day, expressed himself thus: "I think the linseed meal is preferable to the cotton seed meal, although not quite so strong in albuminoids, because it is very healthful to the digestive organs, and assists in the digestion of other foods." We knew of a feeder in Ontario who turned out an average of thirty head of prime beeves every spring, and who never fed them a root, depending entirely on flax seed to keep them in a healthy condition, and his experience went to prove that flax seed answered the purpose well. Many men when mixing their grains to be crushed, put one bushel of flax seed in with every ten of other grain, the result being always satisfactory.

It is as a calf food, however, that flax seed most deserves especial mention. By boiling a small quantity to a jelly and mixing with oat meal and skimmed milk, we provide a food for the calf better adapted to the rapid growth of bone and muscle than even the whole milk. A calf fed on whole milk for the first 15 days, and then gradually changed by mixing skimmed milk and a tablespoonful of flax seed at first, increasing the flax seed and some oat meal as the whole milk is withdrawn, until at a month we are feeding to an average calf from 15 to 20 lbs. skimmed milk, ¾ lb. flax seed, and ½ lb. oat meal. The flax seed and oat meal should be increased as the calf grows, till at two months the flax seed may be ½ lb. and the oat meal 1¼ lbs. per day, these in all cases boiled and stirred into the skim milk. By this means we can take all the cream from the milk when the calf is three weeks old, and it will make a growth fully as good, if not better, that if it consumed the whole milk.

In regard to the *culture* of flax, Stephens says: "The best soil is a deep, mellow, loamy soil, abounding in vegetable matter. It should be fall plowed, and well pulverized in the spring. Seed may be sown broad cast or in drills, but should not be covered to a greater depth than one-half an inch. We have had good success on land that was by no means deep nor very full of vegetable matter. A safe rule is, the land which will bring good wheat will grow a good crop of flax.

Many readers will no doubt associate in their minds

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, May 23, 1889.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

$2.00 IN ADVANCE; OR $2.50 IF NOT PAID WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

☞All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date, in connection with the subscriber's name, will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for money remitted by him.

☞A subscriber desiring to change his post office direction, or to discontinue his paper, must communicate to us the *name of the office to which it has previously been sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

☞Postage free to all subscribers.

Collectors' Notices.

MR. I. C. LIBBY of Burnham, our cattle reporter, is authorized to receipt for moneys and receive subscriptions for the paper.

MR. C. S. AVERY is now calling upon our subscribers in Franklin county.

MR. G. T. STORER of Richmond, is authorized to take subscriptions and collect dues for the *Farmer*.

MR. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our subscribers in Penobscot county.

MR. P. W. Cole is now calling upon our subscribers in West Kennebec.

Col. Richardson, late land commissioner, who has just returned to Kansas from Guthrie, says Oklahoma is being deserted very rapidly.

As the result of the Samoan Conference, Germany finally, though reluctantly consents to restore King Malietoa as ruler over the Samoans.

The Massachusetts Senate has made short work of the elevated railroad bill, rejecting it by a vote of 17 to 22. It passed the House by a large majority, after a heated contest.

The Massachusetts Press Association this year will make its excursion tend toward Poland Springs and Moosehead Lake in Maine. Starting from Boston Saturday, July 6th, the party will be gone until Thursday, July 11th, spending two entire days at the Mt. Kineo House.

A party of American wheelmen are to "do" the old world on bicycles. The party number thirty young men, under the management of Mr. F. A. Elwell, of Portland. The party reached Boston, Friday evening, and sailed Saturday, on the Cephalonia, of the Cunard line. Their trip will take in Great Britain and the continent, and the route has been selected with special reference to the excellence of the roads.

The following reply from Hon. William E. Gladstone has been received by a newspaper syndicate in New York city, to an offer to pay that distinguished gentleman $25,000 for 25 articles on subjects of current interest: "At my age the stock of brain power does not wax, but wanes. And public calls upon my time leaves me only a fluctuating residue to dispose of. All idea of a series of efforts is, therefore, I have finally decided, wholly beyond my power to embrace."

An inquest has been ordered in the case of the death of Bishop, the mind reader, and the physicians who made the post mortem placed under bonds. They are charged with causing Bishop's death by the use of the surgeon's knife. One fact is in favor of the surgeons, and that is that for one hour before the autopsy took place the mind reader's body was enclosed in an air tight casket. This is claimed to have been a sufficient cause of death, even if deceased was only in a trance.

The tendency of our people to desert the farm and drift into the cities is shown by the census returns to be rapidly increasing. In 1790 the proportion was 3.3 in cities to 96.7 on farms. In 1860 it was shown that 22.5 live in cities to 77.5 on farms. Can this difference go on increasing for another century, and what will be the result? From a rural and agricultural people, if this keeps on, we should be transformed into a dependent race. This is strong evidence of danger to the independence of the masses.

That was rather plain talk of Rev. Dr. Gunn, of Kansas at the Baptist Home Missions meeting in Tremont Temple, Boston, last Friday: "Christian capitalists in this neighborhood hold $1,000,000 in mortgages over the struggling Kansas farmers. Return us 10 per cent. of your New England Christian interest and we shall not have to come to Boston begging a few dollars for meeting houses to raise up the poor ignorant heathen of the West." A good deal of truth in that.

That large organization, the Knights of Honor, held the annual session of their Supreme Lodge at Indianapolis, Ind., last week. Maine was honored by the unanimous election of Hon. A. R. Savage of Auburn, to the position of Supreme Dictator, which is the highest office within the gift of the organization. The membership numbers 127,751, with 3530 lodges in working condition. The magnificent sum of $3,210,000 was paid in benefits the past year, on death of members, to their immediate families and other relatives.

It is surprising what little attention was paid to Arbor Day this year. The day was fittingly observed in quite a number of the schools of the State, in appropriate literary exercises, followed by the planting of trees. Many private parties, of whom no record has been made by correspondents or the papers, doubtless planted trees, but we think, as a general thing, the day was not observed as it should have been. As far as the farmers were concerned, they were too busy with their farming to attend to tree planting.

The Methodist Book Concern in New York and Cincinnati have, during the century gone, lost by fire to the amount of $350,000, and yet, without asking for contributions from the churches, they have increased their capital to the amount of $2,633,000, and have paid for the cause of Methodism the handsome sum of $2,400,000. This year they propose to give over to the funds of the Church, to be divided among the Conferences for the relief of superannuated and disabled ministers, the sum of $100,000, with the hope to do more in years to come.

A lady in the northern part of Kennebec county recently deeded away her property, worth some $1600, to a certain person, with the understanding that he should give her notes secured by a mortgage. He gave the notes, but not the mortgage, and now the lady finds herself minus her homestead, as the person to whom she conveyed the property is entirely without money or credit. How many persons permit themselves to be cheated by these cunning and wily swindlers. They should be careful how they sign their names to any paper the legal bearings of which they know nothing.

Mr. C. C. Hutchins and Mr. C. W. Sibley have been entertaining Platt K. Dickinson and Mr Joseph W. Hancox, Jr., who are all of New York, at Bar Harbor, in the interests of several New York capitalists, and on Tuesday they made the largest purchase of summer resort property ever completed in Maine. They purchased a tract of land embracing over 6000 acres, located opposite Bar Harbor, fronting on Frenchmen's Bay, including much of the most beautiful shore front property in that section, such as Grindstone Neck, Schoodic peninsula, and the adjoining commanding sites. This property has a shore frontage of about eight miles, with plenty of water at all stages of the tide. These gentlemen will organize the Gouldsboro Land and Improvement Company. They will employ a large force in grading and laying out the lots.

Another humbug has been exploded in Boston, in which some Maine people have been stuck. This time it is the "Trussell Automatic Fence Company," with a capital of $1,500,000; par value, $100 a share. The object was to manufacture ice; but the manager, Wilbur C. Trussell, freezingly raised thirty thousand dollars in cash, on the stock, and then skipped to Canada, where he now is, smiling at the confidence placed in him by his associates. Among the investors are Dennis W. Clark, Portland; Ashabel Chaplain, Portland; David Dennis, President Gardiner National Bank, Gardiner; Clark & Chaplain Ice Co., Portland; F. A. Smith, T. B. Perry, Jerome Rumery, Portland. A prominent ice firm in Gardiner, invested $20,000 "for an insurance," as they termed it "in case the new invention should knock the bottom out of the ice business." That is equal to some Western investments we have from time to time shown up in our columns.

COUNTRY LIFE PREFERABLE TO CITY LIFE. The thought and life of men are strongly influenced by their surroundings. The place of one's birth often determines the character of a man, and what he shall be in the future. There are many farmers' boys in Maine to-day, sighing because their lot was not cast in the turmoil and strife of a great city. But Providence has been better to them than their desires. Lucky for them they didn't have the choice of their parentage, or at what point on this round earth they should be born. They were not consulted on that point. It was not even left to us to decide whether we wished to be born in the city or the country. But what an immense difference it does make in regard to our thoughts, in regard to our inclinations, in regard to our will, in regard to our actions, whether we are born and reared in one of the large centres of population, or in the pure, bracing air of the country, where God's works praise him. In those large centres of population, where hundreds of thousands of people are crowded together upon a comparatively small space, as in the city of New York, the individual must necessarily lose his importance. He becomes as a drop in the great ocean of humanity. Carried along with the on-rushing stream, he follows as resistlessly as the drop of water follows the formation of waves in a storm-ridden sea. In the midst of this we lose individuality of thought, and all unconscious to ourselves absorb, or inhale, the thoughts of this vast multitude.

In the midst of these circumstances, crowding upon him from every point, a man of ordinary ability cannot stand entirely for himself, his life is so interlinked with the masses around him; even his thoughts are the thoughts of the crowd in the aggregate. How different with life in the country; there the individual steps to the front. While in the city the family who lives in the next block is not known to him, in the country he is personally familiar with the history of all his neighbors, their peculiarities and sentiments, and so do they know him. He watches others, and the eye of the community is upon him. There is no hiding in the crowd in the country. Thus he becomes conservative, level-headed, self-poised, calm and deliberate. The passions that are excited in the city are kept under self-control. The cankering cares of sharp business competition do not wear out the body or distract the mind. We get more out of the fleeting days of life, in the country. There is plenty of elbow room; there is real contentment and enjoyment; here are the abiding elements of life, and hither the people of the crowded cities must come for the elixir of life. Here and there a favored one in the city may amass a fortune, which is quite impossible in the country; but a wild chase for a dollar is the meanest thing to which an immortal soul can devote itself. There are peace and plenty in the country for all who will do honest work and live honest lives; and what more than these can that life have which has the grandest opportunities? No, no, young man, you make a great mistake in sighing for any earthly life better than that in the country; it can't be found.

SCARCITY OF HAY. There is the usual scarcity of hay in the Boston market at the present time. Farmers are devoting all their time to planting, and cannot ship their hay, although all of them have plenty on hand. The widely circulated report that a large amount of prairie hay had been recently shipped to that city is not a fact, the only arrivals of that product there in any large quantities being last winter. The prospect of an improved market locally is decidedly good, especially in Canada hay, as the farmers and commission merchants there have large quantities of very desirable stock on hand; but as the planting season in Canada is some weeks later than here, the arrival of such Northern stock will be correspondingly late.

A Belfast hay buyer says that Canada played a sharp trick on Maine hay dealers. Parties living there wrote to different sections, inquiring if the farmers could furnish them with 3000 tons of hay for the English market. The result was that the Maine buyers began to purchase all the hay they could get, and, naturally, booming the price. As soon as the market reached a good figure Canada merchants shipped their hay, while the Maine buyers had extra lots on hand, which they must hold to get their money back.

OLD BRUNSWICK. The fullest preparations are being make for the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Brunswick, which occurs on the 13th of the coming June—an event which will call home to the goodly town a large number of her absent sons and daughters. Salutes will be fired and bells rung. An oration will be delivered at the Congregational church, by Prof. C. C. Everett of Harvard University, and a poem by Prof. H. L. Chapman of Bowdoin College. A procession will march through the principal streets of the town. A public dinner will be held at the Town Hall, at which speeches will be made by distinguished guests and prominent citizens. A collection of local antiquities will be open to the public at the court room in the town building on Thursday, Friday and Saturday. A reception will be held at the Town Hall in the evening. Frank E. Roberts is chairman of the committee, and Prof. Henry Johnson is secretary.

AN ARMY OF CATERPILLARS. It is reported that the Canadian Pacific railroad, in its course through Maine, has met with a most unexpected and peculiar obstacle to its progress, and one which for a time baffled the powers of one of its big freight locomotives, aided by the whole train force. This was no less than a swarm of caterpillars which completely covered the track on Sunday, at a point between Lake Sebois and Brownville Junction, so greasing the rails and clogging the driving wheels that friction was overcome and the train brought to a standstill for a time. A detail was sent to the Junction and another engine sent to assist, and after many hours delay the two succeeded in getting the train through, by the liberal use of sand on the track and by brushing off the creatures, which, it is said, extended in a line 11 miles in length. This may seem to be a big caterpillar story, but the returns are not half in, and there are lots of things yet to be revealed in the hitherto hidden recesses of our Maine woods.

PAINFULLY SUDDEN. While waiting at New York for the sailing of the steamer which was to bear him to his field of operations, Hon. Allen Thorndike Rice, the newly appointed U. S. Minister to Russia, died suddenly Thursday morning, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He had been suffering from a throat affection for a few days, but was not supposed to be in any danger, when the glottis swelled suddenly, shutting off the breath. He was literally choked to death. Mr. Rice was born in Boston, and was but 36 years old. He was a graduate of Oxford University, England, finely educated, and publisher and editor of the *North American Review*. He was actively interested in politics. He edited "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln," and contributed to "Ancient Cities of the New World."

We record elsewhere the appointment of Thomas H. Sherman, Esq., formerly of Bucksport, as United States Consul at Liverpool, England. Mr. Sherman temporarily resided in Augusta and Bangor, but has lived in Washington, D. C., the greater part of the time for nearly thirty years, first in the employ of the Western Union Telegraph Co., as an unusually skilled operator, then as private Secretary to Mr. Blaine during his Speakership and Senatorship, and since then in a responsible position in the Consular Bureau of the State Department. He is a most accomplished and agreeable gentleman.

Henry W. Severance of California, just appointed Consul General to Honolulu, has for years been identified with the Sandwich Islands. His father was one of the founders, and for a long time the editor and proprietor of the *Honolulu Journal*. He was minister to Hawaii, and his son has been consul at San Francisco for the Hawaiian government, about whose affairs he is thoroughly informed. He is about 50 years old.

Among the graduates of Newton Theological Seminary, were George R. Berry of West Sumner; John L. Deering of Lisbon Falls, who will go as missionary to Japan; Samuel W. Hamblen of North Berwick, missionary to India; Ebenezer N. Pierce of Mt. Desert, called to Colerian Mass; Thomas J. Ramadell of West Lubec; and Elisha Sanderson of South Berwick, called to Greenfield, N. H.

OUR SUMMER RESORTS. All along the coast of Maine unusual preparations are being made for the influx of summer visitors. Most everybody has decided that this is to be a hot summer, and that means lots of money to be left in Maine by outsiders. Bar Harbor has its good clothes on for its fashionable visitors. Building there is not so brisk as last season, but there is a steady and healthful increase of summer resters. Business has opened early at Moosehead Lake and the Rangeley lakes. Our pleasant country homes, which may be reckoned by the hundreds, where sweet milk, fresh eggs, genuine butter, wholesome food and pure air may be had in abundance, are being put in readiness for the summer exodus from the big cities. Reports received from the favorite summer resorts, Popham Beach, Boothbay, Isle of Springs, Squirrel and Capitol Islands, Small Point, Five Islands and Pleasant Point, indicate that those places will be visited to a much larger extent than ever before. The two large houses at Popham Beach are being put in excellent order, and at the Ocean View a large stable has been built this spring for those who travel to that place by carriage. Several cottages will be added to the number built at the beach last season. At Small Point, cottage owners have begun to make improvements. A number of cottage lots have been disposed of, and a number of new buildings will be erected before the hot season opens. To make Small Point boom a narrow-gauge railroad should be built from Bath. Before the death of Governor Bodwell, who was a large owner at the Point, the matter was agitated, and the prospect was most encouraging for a road, but since his death little has been done. The citizens of Boothbay propose to make that little summer resort boom by building a railroad from there to Wiscasset or Edgecomb, tapping the Knox & Lincoln road. This will give the town close rail connection with the large cities, and make Boothbay a second Bar Harbor. Squirrel and Mouse Islands, for years noted places for the city people to pass the heated term, will get their share of visitors the ensuing summer. The Isle of Springs, a few place in Sheepscott Bay, will be extensively built upon within the next two months by Lewiston and Augusta people, who are sole owners of the large island. A new hotel is to be erected at once, and in a few weeks several cottages will spring into existence there.

A REWARD OF HONESTY, AND ITS RESULTS. Somewhat more than a quarter of a century since, the late Gov. Abner Coburn came to Augusta and took lodgings at the Stanley House, then under the charge of landlord Geo. W. Ricker, and which was destroyed in the great fire of Sept. 1865. He brought in his pocket a large sum of money in bank bills, which he designed to use in his business the next morning at Gardiner. On retiring for the night he deposited his money treasure beneath the pillow of the bed on which he slept. On arising in the morning he departed from the hotel, leaving his large amount of money where he had safely deposited it on retiring. The chambermaid, in the performance of her morning work, discovered the tempting roll, and immediately called the attention of the landlord to the matter, and placed the money which had come into her possession in his hands. Mr. Ricker deposited it securely in his safe, awaiting the return of Mr. Coburn, which took place late in the evening. He made no allusion to his missing package, until questioned as to whether he missed anything after leaving the house. With characteristic apparent indifference, he replied that he had left a little money under his pillow, but had no fears but that it would be found all safe. As a reward to the faithful and honest servant, he made her a present of seventy-five dollars, which, with some other little savings, she deposited in the Augusta Savings Bank, where it has since remained on interest, and now amounts to more than five hundred dollars, a better reliance than investments in Witchita lands afford.

SUPERIOR COURT. The case of Fred B. Dolloff of Mt. Vernon, against the German-American Insurance Company, and Cronecian Insurance Company, which was on trial in the superior court of this county for two weeks, resulted Friday in a verdict for the defendants. Plaintiff sought to recover $4000 insurance for the loss of his building at Mt. Vernon, April 17, 1888, and the ground of defence was fraud in proofs of loss. In the case of Ella F. Leonard of Gardiner vs. the Maine Central Railroad Company, no trial was held, as the matter was mutually settled by payment of $500. In the case of State vs. Charles F. Lowe of Waterville, indicted for perjury, tried at the April term of the Superior Court and found guilty, the case was taken from the set aside and a new trial granted by the presiding Justice, Hon. W. P. Whitehouse. The court has adjourned finally.

For the last three days, the commissioners on enlargement of the State House have been engaged in opening and tabulating the bids for the extension of the edifice. There are some 55 full and sub-bids, and the work of tabulation is considerable, and will probably not get to press. The Maine Granite Improvement Company of Waterville, Maine & New Hampshire Granite Company, Auburn; Hallowell Granite Company, Hallowell; Jones & Son, Bangor; Purinton & Co., Waterville; C. B. Brown and the five parties from Boston offer bids on the entire job. Of course no one knows certainly, but it is conjectured that the job will fall to C. Foster & Son, Waterville. It is a pleasing fact that the appropriation made by the legislature will foot the bills of the extension and have a handsome sum left.

The plans for Gilmore's Jubilee at Boston, to commemmorate the Twentieth Anniversary of the great Peace Jubilee of 1869, have been completed. It will take place the first week in June, beginning Wednesday the 5th, and continuing each day and evening, ending Sunday the 9th, in the Grand Hall of Mechanics Building. A grand array of musical talent has been assembled for this great occasion; Gilmore's superior military organization, the largest and finest of its kind in America.

HON. E. M. Stilwell, Fish and Game Commissioner, has gone to Sebago Lake, where, with Commissioner H. O. Stanley, he has placed several thousands of landlocked salmon fry in the waters of the lake. They will then visit other lakes in that part of the State, and in all 80,000 land-locked salmon fry will be consigned to the waters. After that has been done the Commissioners will return and place in the Penobscot 400,000 sea salmon fry, and 80,000 land-locked salmon fry in other waters in this vicinity.

JUNE RACES. The programme for the third annual meeting of the Androscoggin Horse Breeders' Association, which occurs at the fair grounds, Lewiston, June 25, 26 and 27, has been arranged, and is as follows:

First day, June 25—3.00 class, purse $200; 2 35 class, purse $200.

Second day, June 26—2.40 class, purse $200; four years old and under, (The Seer barred), purse $200.

Third day, June 27—2.45 class, purse $200; free-for-all, purse $500.

The Governor and Council yesterday pardoned J. Frank Walker of Embden, who some four years since was sent to State Prison, for five years. It will be remembered that he fired into a party who came to serenade him on the occasion of his marriage, and killed a man. He had two trials, for murder, and afterwards pleaded guilty to the charge of manslaughter.

Mr. Elijah Smith has been engaged by the Eastern Maine State Fair Association as superintendent of the cattle department. Mr. Smith is most competent for the position, and under his direction the dwelling houses are being built in that vicinity and at Winslow's Mills. A great deal of repairing is being done on old buildings, and new ones are all busy.

We are under much obligation to Mr. Richard B. Caldwell, for valuable assistance on the *News-Messenger* during our absence in the East. Friend Caldwell's pen has become familiar to our people through his spicy little paper he edits in Hallowell, and which has already far more than local attention. Dick is a born newspaper man, and a great Saturday Night Thoughtsman. —*Marshall (Minn.) News-Messenger.*

MR. CALDWELL will be remembered by many of our readers as the former talented editor of the *Kennebec Reporter*, Gardiner.

The seventh annual reunion of the Fourth Maine Battery Association, is to be held at Skowhegan, on Wednesday, June 26th. The comrades are to carry their pastry, cooked meats, doughnuts and cake. Brown bread, beans, tea, coffee, milk and sugar will be furnished there. One fare on the railroads.

The copious rains of this week settled the question of a drouth, made certain an abundant hay crop, and swollen the streams for the benefit of the lumbermen. Let us all rejoice and take courage.

VALUE OF COMMERCIAL FERTILIZERS. The Maine Agricultural Experiment Station has just issued its Bulletin concerning the value of Commercial Fertilizers, a delay having been caused in order to verify analyses.

The fertilizer law in force in Maine requires the annual analysis of three samples of each brand of fertilizer sold in the State. It is simply impossible to secure and analyze so many samples and publish the results before farmers purchase their fertilizers in the spring. Consequently this partial statement is made of analyses performed to date.

The following are the trade values in use this year, as determined from data collected in Connecticut, Massachusetts, and other States. For explanation of terms, etc., see *Station Bulletin* No. 23, issued in 1888.

THE TRADE-VALUES FOR 1889 OF FERTILIZING INGREDIENTS IN RAW MATERIALS AND CHEMICALS.

The average Trade-Values or *retail cost per pound* of the ordinarily occurring forms of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash are as follows:

	Cts. per lb.
Nitrogen in ammonia salts	19
" nitrates	17
Organic nitrogen in dry and fine ground fish, meat and blood	19
Organic nitrogen in cotton seed meal and castor-pomace	15
Organic nitrogen in fine bone and tankage	16½
" " " fine medium bone and tankage	13
Organic nitrogen in medium bone and tankage	10½
" " " coarser bone and tankage	8½
" " " hair, horn shavings and coarse fish scrap	8
Phosphoric acid, soluble in water	7½
" " " " ammonium citrate	7
" " " " dry ground fish, fine bone and tankage	7
Phosphoric acid, soluble in fine medium bone and tankage	6
Phosphoric acid, soluble in medium bone and tankage	5
Phosphoric acid, soluble in coarser bone and tankage	4
Phosphoric acid, soluble in fine ground rock phosphate	3
Potash as high grade Sulphate, and in forms free from Muriate (or Chloride)	5
Potash as kainit	4½
Potash as muriate	4½

BRAND.	Moisture.	Nitrogen.	Phosphoric Acid.			Potash.	Station Valuation.
			Soluble.	Reverted.	Insoluble.		
Allen's Fertilizer	10.47	2.17	4.04	1.72	2.29	5.00	$34 12
American Ammoniated Bone Superphosphate	10.31	2.61	8.74	1.83	0.42	3.12	30 49
Crocker's " "	12.66	2.03	8.46	1.47	0.53	3.12	30 49
Eureka Fertilizer	10.70	2.91	6.58	4.17	1.93	2.34	30 97
Bay State Superphosphate	15.02	2.72	6.49	2.43	1.04	2.34	30 98
Bowker's Hill and Drill Phosphate	10.14	2.31	8.73	2.46	2.39	1.48	29 95
Bradley's Potato Manure	10.98	2.90	5.56	2.16	1.90	5.09	29 48
" Eureka Seeding Down Fertilizer	9.63	1.91	4.33	2.15	4.31	2.57	23 91
Cleveland Potato Phosphate	11.48	2.33	5.99	2.52	4.31	3.64	27 68
" Superphosphate	14.32	4.08	8.00	2.03	1.52	3.55	34 53
Cumberland Bone Superphosphate*	11.94	2.19	6.98	2.17	2.00	4.18	31 24
" Seeding Down Fertilizer	10.15	2.00	2.19	2.87	4.78	0.30	25 91
Dirigo Fertilizer	9.41	2.13		4.31	17.91	2.22	36 46
E. F. Coe's Alkaline Bone	10.14	0.98	8.25	2.22	2.80	1.90	23 97
" High Grade Ammoniated Bone Superphosphate	9.28	2.24	8.79	1.46	1.56	2.19	29 53
Gloucester Fish and Potash	10.94	2.21	5.73	2.46	5.00	2.35	29 46
Potato, Hop and Tobacco Phosphate	15.79	1.75	8.96	1.72	1.01	3.93	27 71
Potato Phosphate	12.18	1.87	8.49	1.39	0.47	4.78	30 66
Quinnipiac Potash Manure	21.50	2.85	3.03	3.08	1.46	4.78	39 46
" Phosphate	18.92	2.94	4.25	2.50	2.36	1.35	30 39
Sagadahoc Superphosphate	15.08	2.19	6.98	2.17	2.02	3.42	37 24
Soluble Pacific Guano	13.80	2.91	6.23	1.93	2.70	2.46	37 74
Stockbridge Corn and Grain Manure	9.66	2.36	5.05	2.09	2.31	2.34	27 95
" Grass Top Dressing	7.17	4.85	3.87	2.44	5.13	6.21	34 08
" Potato and Vegetable Manure	8.78	3.56	6.04	2.48	3.03	6.48	34 16
" Seeding Down Fertilizer	8.25	3.06	2.59	1.56	5.97	4.64	29 92
Unicorn Ammoniated Superphosphate	13 77	2.11	8.77	4.88	3.88	2.66	25 90

*A sample of goods manufactured last year, and shipped to Bangor last fall.

THE HEROIC DEAD. The following general orders have been issued by Department Commander F. M. Drew of the G. A. R.:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF ME., GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC, PORTLAND, ME., May 10, 1889.

General Orders No. 4.

The approach of Memorial Day summons us to the preparation for its proper observance. The sacredness of our own hearts, the ties of Comradeship and the Regulations of our Order impose upon us the grateful and sacred duty of commemorating the memory of our departed comrades—those who laid down their lives during the war and those who have since gone to rest in soldiers' graves.

Let the beautiful flowers of spring and the flag float proudly, fought so well and under which so many heroically died, mark their graves, and patriotic words in speech and verse celebrate their deeds and memory. Let us strive to make our services both commemorative and instructive, seeking alike to do honor to the memory of our noble dead and to teach that patriotism which inspired them when they performed the deathless deeds which render them immortal; and we will forever entitle them to the highest honors from their grateful countrymen.

To this end, if possible, let every Post arrange for fitting services, both on Sunday preceding and on Memorial Day. It is recommended that Posts invite the Relief Corps and the Sons of Veterans, where these noble organizations exist, all patriotic citizens and the school children to attend and participate in the services of Memorial Day. This is our special day and opportunity to teach the children the great lesson of loyalty to duty for country which fallen comrades so grandly illustrated. In every way possible let the day be wholly consecrated to sacred memories and patriotic duties. Let the ordinary holiday sports be discouraged. That Memorial Day was established to commemorate the memory of more than three hundred thousand loyal men who died that the nation might live, ought to sober every citizen and insure its public observance. But whatever others may do, let no comrade of the Grand Army in this department countenance any desecration of this day, but every one observe it in the spirit in which it was established.

By command of

FRANKLIN M. DREW, Dept. Com.

E. C. MILLIKEN, Asst. Adjt. Gen.

The following general orders in regard to the observance of Memorial Day in this city, have been issued by Comrade Lewis Selbing:

HD. QRS. SETH WILLIAMS POST, NO. 13, DEPARTMENT OF MAINE, G. A. R. PORTLAND, MAY 20th, 1889.

General Orders, No. 1.

In accordance with rules and regulations, and in compliance with General Orders No. 8, Hd. Qrs. G. A. R., Thursday, May 30th, it is observed by the members of this Post as Memorial Day, and as we honor the resting places of our departed Comrades, let us renew in our hearts our pledges of loyalty to our flag and country, which the grave of the Supreme Commander redouble our efforts in carrying out the principles of our order.

Let the touch of elbows remind us of the sacrifice made by those who have joined the Grand Army above, and our action and demeanor be such as to encourage the most unselfish patriotism in others, especially the rising generation.

It is respectfully requested that on that day the flags in this city be displayed at half-mast, and that all citizens will participate with the Post in the exercises at the cemeteries in the forenoon, and at Meonian Hall in the evening.

At 8 o'clock, A. M., a detachment of the Post, under the command of Actg. Junior Vice Commander Frank Cole, will be conveyed in carriages to Grand Army Hall to Ward Four, and there decorate the graves of our comrades in the cemeteries in that ward.

At 9 o'clock, A. M., a detachment of the Post under the command of Senior Vice Commander Melville Smith, will proceed from Post Headquarters to the East side, and decorate the graves of our comrades in the cemeteries there.

Comrades will assemble at Post Headquarters at 1 o'clock, P. M. sharp. The formation of the line will be under the direction of Comrade O. N. Blackington, Marshal.

The column will move at 2 o'clock, P. M., and proceed in the usual order to Forest Grove, St Mary's, Mt. Vernon and Mt. Pleasant Cemeteries, where the decorating ceremonies will be performed, and concluded at the Soldiers' Monument, after which the column will return to Market Square and be dismissed.

Comrades will again assemble at 7 o'clock P. M., and march to Meonian Hall, where G. A. R. memorial services will be held. Oration by comrade Geo. R. Palmer.

The memorial sermon by Rev. J. H. Jordan, will be delivered in the Congregational church, on Sunday evening, May 26th, at 7.30 o'clock. Comrades will assemble at Post Headquarters at 6.30 P. M., and march to the church.

Comrades will appear in full uniform on each occasion. All ex-soldiers and ex-sailors of the late war, all associations and citizens generally, are cordially invited to unite with the Post in this proper and reverent observance of the day.

By order of

LEWIS SELBING, Post Commander.

WILLIAM MCDANIEL, Adjutant.

Marshal Blackington has announced the members of his staff as follows: R. W. Soule, Chief of Staff; George Doughty, Ass't Ad'jt Gen'l; J. O. Webster, Surgeon; C. H. Bennett, Quartermaster; A. L. Wells, Chaplain. Aids—J. A. Jones, J. A. Greenwood, E. H. Jones.

ENCOURAGING. The business prospects for Waldoboro this season are encouraging. The Waldoboro Granite Company has started up with an unexpectedly large force, having more than 30 men employed. The Waldoboro shoe factory has between 30 and 40 hands, and will probably increase the number. Welt & Co. have now 20 carpenters in the shipyard, and will employ more as soon as the hard pine arrives. At J. P. Glidden's marble and granite works we find seven men employed. Wallis & Sons have about the same number, and will soon be obliged to employ more to fill their orders. M. M. Richards & Co.'s clothing manufactory is employing 60 women and several men. McIntyre & Son are doing the usual amount of work at their mill, and the same may be said of Vannah, Chute & Co. Frank Ambrose & Co. are preparing to put a steam mill and erect five dwelling houses are being built in that vicinity and at Winslow's Mills. A great deal of repairing is being done on old buildings, and mechanics are all busy.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT. Solomon Hirsch of Oregon, minister to Turkey; Clark E. Carr of Illinois, minister to Denmark; Thomas H. Sherman of the District of Columbia, consul at Liverpool; Henry W. Severance of California, consul general of the United States at Honolulu; John Jarrett of Pennsylvania, consul at Birmingham; A. A. Dugdale and T. C. Haines, commissioners of the District of Columbia. Receivers of public moneys: Thomas D. Bumgardner of Arkansas, at Dardanelle, Ark.; Henry C. Pickles of Delaware, at Folsom's, N. J. Frank Lancet of New Mexico, at Roswell, N. M. Registers of land offices: Wm. P. Alexander of Colorado, at Del Norte, Col.; John H. Mills of New Mexico, at Roswell, N. M. Indian agents: James Blythe of North Carolina, at the Eastern Cherokee Agency in North Carolina; John Fosher of Wyoming Territory, at the Shoshone Agency in Wyoming Territory.

John W. Meldrum of Laramie, Wyoming, to be secretary of Wyoming.

Orrin W. Blair of Dakota, to be receiver of public moneys at Huron, Dakota.

James H. Claney of Warsaw, Ind., to be an Indian inspector.

James C. Luckey of Oregon, to be agent for the Indians of the Warm Spring agency in Oregon.

Malachi Krebs of Petersburg, Ind., to be special agent to make allotments of lands in severalty to Indians, under the provisions of an act of Congress approved Feb. 8, 1888.

EXPERIENCE AT SEA. Capt. R. E. Howes, of the foundered steamer Alaskan, and First Officer Wood have arrived at Portland, Oregon, on the steamship Columbia. The Alaskan sailed from Astoria Saturday noon, and headed down the coast. Sunday forenoon a very heavy gale sprang up, and soon increased to a terrible storm. In the afternoon the steamer strained and began leaking badly. The pumps were kept going constantly, and officers and crew vainly endeavored to stop the leak by stuffing in blankets and bedding. The storm continued on Sunday evening, but whatever others may do, let no comrade of the Grand Army in this department countenance any desecration of this day, but every one observe it in the spirit in which it was established.

By command of

FRANKLIN M. DREW, Dept. Com.

E. C. MILLIKEN, Asst. Adjt. Gen.

'The following general orders in regard to the observance of Memorial Day in this city, have been issued by Comrade Lewis Selbing:

HD. QRS. SETH WILLIAMS POST, NO. 13, DEPARTMENT OF MAINE, G. A. R. PORTLAND, MAY 20th, 1889.

General Orders, No. 1.

In accordance with rules and regulations, and in compliance with General Orders No. 8, Hd. Qrs. G. A. R., Thursday, May 30th, it is observed by the members of this Post as Memorial Day, and as we honor the resting places of our departed Comrades, let us renew in our hearts our pledges of loyalty to our flag and country, which the grave of the Supreme Commander redouble our efforts in carrying out the principles of our order.

Let the touch of elbows remind us of the sacrifice made by those who have joined the Grand Army above, and our action and demeanor be such as to encourage the most unselfish patriotism in others, especially the rising generation.

It is respectfully requested that on that day the flags in this city be displayed at half-mast, and that all citizens will participate with the Post in the exercises at the cemeteries in the forenoon, and at Meonian Hall in the evening.

At 8 o'clock, A. M., a detachment of the Post, under the command of Actg. Junior Vice Commander Frank Cole, will be conveyed in carriages to Grand Army Hall to Ward Four, and there decorate the graves of our comrades in the cemeteries in that ward.

At 9 o'clock, A. M., a detachment of the Post under the command of Senior Vice Commander Melville Smith, will proceed from Post Headquarters to the East side, and decorate the graves of our comrades in the cemeteries there.

Comrades will assemble at Post Headquarters at 1 o'clock, P. M. sharp. The formation of the line will be under the direction of Comrade O. N. Blackington, Marshal.

The column will move at 2 o'clock, P. M., and proceed in the usual order to Forest Grove, St Mary's, Mt. Vernon and Mt. Pleasant Cemeteries, where the decorating ceremonies will be performed, and concluded at the Soldiers' Monument, after which the column will return to Market Square and be dismissed.

Comrades will again assemble at 7 o'clock P. M., and march to Meonian Hall, where G. A. R. memorial services will be held. Oration by comrade Geo. R. Palmer.

The memorial sermon by Rev. J. H. Jordan, will be delivered in the Congregational church, on Sunday evening, May 26th, at 7.30 o'clock. Comrades will assemble at Post Headquarters at 6.30 P. M., and march to the church.

Comrades will appear in full uniform on each occasion. All ex-soldiers and ex-sailors of the late war, all associations and citizens generally, are cordially invited to unite with the Post in this proper and reverent observance of the day.

By order of

LEWIS SELBING, Post Commander.

WILLIAM MCDANIEL, Adjutant.

Marshal Blackington has announced the members of his staff as follows: R. W. Soule, Chief of Staff; George Doughty, Ass't Ad'jt Gen'l; J. O. Webster, Surgeon; C. H. Bennett, Quartermaster; A. L. Wells, Chaplain. Aids—J. A. Jones, J. A. Greenwood, E. H. Jones.

ENCOURAGING. The business prospects for Waldoboro this season are encouraging. The Waldoboro Granite Company has started up with an unexpectedly large force, having more than 30 men employed. The Waldoboro shoe factory has between 30 and 40 hands, and will probably increase the number. Welt & Co. have now 20 carpenters in the shipyard, and will employ more as soon as the hard pine arrives. At J. P. Glidden's marble and granite works we find seven men employed. Wallis & Sons have about the same number, and will soon be obliged to employ more to fill their orders. M. M. Richards & Co.'s clothing manufactory is employing 60 women and several men. McIntyre & Son are doing the usual amount of work at their mill, and the same may be said of Vannah, Chute & Co. Frank Ambrose & Co. are preparing to put a steam mill and erect five dwelling houses are being built in that vicinity and at Winslow's Mills. A great deal of repairing is being done on old buildings, and mechanics are all busy.

Grange News and Notes.

—RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT. *Whereas*, Our Father, in his infinite wisdom, has removed our brother, Origin Stockwell, from his place in our midst;

Items of Maine News.

Rockland is to expend $16,000 this year in paving Main street.

Patrick Mooney of Bangor, a river driver, has been drowned in St. John waters.

The Piper Packing Co., at Rockland, is working on full time, packing lobsters.

Peter Ragnion, aged 18, of Grand Falls, was drowned while bathing, at Fort Fairfield, Monday.

The shovel handle factory at Wilton, will start up soon. Will F. Hallen will take charge of the business.

Mr. L. A. Dow has caught forty salmon and six thousand alewives in his weirs at Sears Island, this season.

Bobby, a six years old son of William Holland of Eastport, while playing near his father's boat, Tuesday, was drowned.

North Anson has rescinded its vote authorizing the town authorities to purchase a pump and pipe for extinguishing fire.

Two criminals at Farmington, on Monday, while in the care of an officer, made a bold dash for liberty. One of them was captured; the other got away.

Schooner Fannie Spurling arrived at Portland, Thursday, with fifteen thousand pounds of cod and haddock; the Millis Florence with 10,000 pounds.

The body of a little boy named Jerkart, aged 7, drowned at Oldtown two weeks ago, was picked up at Red Bridge in Bangor, Sunday.

Albert, son of Alfred Dore, 10 years old, was drowned at Skowhegan, Monday morning. He was on some logs on the bank of the river, and fell into the swift current.

While Fred Spaulding of Frankfort was cleaning his horse the other day the animal grabbed him, threw him down, bit him and stamped upon him, injuring him severely.

Walter E. Estes, aged 20 years, of South Durham, son of B. F. Estes, was found dead in bed one morning, recently. It is supposed that heart disease was the cause.

To the wife of Mr. Granville Cotton of Brownfield, triplets were born, Thursday night. Their combined weight was 20 pounds. Maine's population seems to be having a decided boom of late.

Benjamin Burton, a caulker, of Rockland, while assisting four other workmen in raising a large piece of timber on the schooner Heaton, Monday, had his head and left side badly jammed and his left ear nearly cut off with the timber.

John Donovan, employed by the Eastern Forge Company of Portland, fell overboard from the steamer John Brooks when off Marblehead, Sunday morning. A boat was lowered but they were unable to find Donovan. He had been on a prolonged spree.

There are three lobster factories in operation at Eastport this spring. E. A. Holmes, Geo. O. Grady & Co. and W. Martin, each carry on the business in connection with their sardine factories. Raye & Batson are also packing in their factory at Welchpool.

The residence of Mr. J. U. P. Burnham, on Pleasant street, Portland, was entered by burglars, Friday night, by means of the cellar. The burglars raided the pantry, and carried off fresh baked pies, doughnuts and cake, but did not touch a quantity of cream and milk, nor did they carry off any valuables.

Game Warden French, at Eastport, Saturday, arrested and fined Willard Babcock and Samuel Dacey of Campobello, fishermen, and William Martin, George O'Grady, Wm. O'Grady and Robert Spear of Eastport, packers, for having short lobsters in their possession. The two O'Gradys appealed.

There is considerable talk of erecting a print mill in Lewiston. One patriotic citizen has stated his willingness to put in $35,000, and that four of them would take a third of the stock. As figured, it would cost $285,000 for a 20,000 mill. The building, if erected, will be low, but wide of extent on the ground.

Maine Postmasters appointed: A. D. Singhi at Camden, vice E. C. Fletcher, term expired; E. P. Beals, East Corinth, vice L. R. Bean, removed; E. B. Colony, Glenburn, vice A. J. Potter, resigned; C. F. Tarbox, Grand Lake Stream, vice S. S. Hillson, resigned; L. S. Merrill, Solon, vice C. B. McIntyre, resigned; Geo. W. Keen, West Freeman, vice A. W. Norton, resigned.

Achille Venute, an Italian and street musician, was stabbed at Bangor, Tuesday. He was practicing upon a violin, when Charles Monch, a cigar maker, complained about the noise and assaulted Venute. During the struggle, Monch drew a jack knife and stabbed Venute five times on the neck, face, head and hands. The wounds are not considered dangerous. Monch was arrested.

Great difficulty is experienced at Bangor by shippers of lumber and ice in obtaining vessels. Cargo after cargo awaits shipment to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and other ports, the freight running at nearly double usual price. Efforts are being made to secure a line of ice barges and New York and Boston tow boats to come there and load, as the ice dealers in the cities named are clamoring for their merchandise.

On a recent afternoon the three youngest daughters of A. I. Hardison of Caribou, were picking gum and playing on the logs in still water in the Aroostook river, when the youngest, Edith, was carried beyond her depth by a floating log, and, losing her balance, fell off. Her sister, Jane, ran out on the logs, and without a moment's hesitation sprang into the water, and reaching her imperiled sister succeeded in drawing her out to a place of safety. It was a brave act and nobly done.

Sardine herring are reported very plentiful on the Perry shore, but they are yet too small for packing for first-class goods, and the factories will not receive them. A Lubec man says herring have apparently been much more plentiful in that locality than for years, and his theory is that when the factories there don't cause the weirmen on the New Brunswick shore to fish their weirs, the herring will pass into the river and along the Maine shore as formerly.

The selectmen of Skowhegan have got the valuation of the estates of the town made up for the year 1889, preparatory to assessing the tax for the year. There is a falling off of estates of $136,395, caused by a shrinkage of about $200,000 in the Coburn estates taxable there last year. The estates outside of this shrinkage show a gain of $63,000 in round figures. The valuation for the year is: Real estate, $1,676,035; personal, $1,185,356; total, $2,861,391. There is a notable increase in the number of polls, from 1272 in 1888, to 1354 in 1889.

Sewall Larrabee of Jackson, who took two spoonfuls of Paris green Wednesday, the 8th, lived but a short time afterwards. He went at it in rather a cool manner, making himself a wooden spoon to mix the poison. Then taking some, he walked to the home of a neighbor, who was a woman, and told her to come over to his house in about 20 minutes and she would see him laid out. He then left and went home, she following in a few minutes, and found him as stated laid out in a dying condition. A doctor was called, but saw no hopes for him. Family troubles were the cause.

The directors of the Maine General Hospital have voted to put up an additional wing the coming season, and ground has already been broken. Another wing will be built on the westerly end, of the same size as the easterly wing, which will nearly double the frontage of the hospital. The present westerly division, used by the resident physicians, will then form the center of the house, and plans made for the resident physicians will be built on the extreme westerly end of the new wing. The plans have been drawn by Fassett & Thompson.

The Grand Lodge, K. of P. of Maine, at Portland, last week, elected the following officers: Grand Chancellor, Fritz H. Twitchell of Bath; Grand Vice Chancellor, A. J. Curtis of Yarmouth; Grand Prelate, George H. Cobb of Auburn; Grand Master-at-Arms, Fred E. Beane of Hallowell; Grand Master of Exchequer, E. C. Milliken of Portland; Grand Keeper of Records and Seal, Wesley G. Smith of Saco; Grand Inside Guard, A. N. Waterhouse, Cumberland Mills; Grand Outside Guard, F. H. Goodrich of Gardiner; Representative to Supreme Lodge, Lewis A. Barker of Bangor.

Thursday night the safe in the post office at Mercer village was blown open and the sum of $3950 was abstracted. The postmaster is L. K. Cram, who keeps the office in his store, which is a general merchandise store. There have been no suspicious characters around the village lately, and there is no clue to the perpetrators of the burglary. The safe door was blown off its hinges, and the robbery evidently took their time about the work. Part of the money was private funds belonging to the postmaster. There was $300 in cash, $60 in stamps, $500 in a State bond, and $2,100 in other securities of which only to the owner. The job is evidently the work of professionals.

A would-be Jesse James was arraigned before Judge Chandler at Farmington, recently, in the name of Chas. Wilson of West's Mills, and he is only 18 years of age. Melvin A. Burns of that place swore out the warrant against Wilson, which charged the latter with attempting the life and property of the complainant. Charles M. Hilton, Geo. W. Norton, Hiram Daggett, alic Mr. and Mrs. Burns testified that Wilson was a bad boy—the village terror. Sunday morning he went to the Burns' house, armed with a gun, and demanded that he should shoot Burns' dog as it lay in the front yard. He had previously said also, that he would shoot Burns. Judge Chandler ordered him to give bonds in $300 to keep the peace for nine months, also to pay costs of suit. "Have you any money to pay these costs with?" asked the Judge. "No!" said Wilson. "And I'll rot in jail before I'll pay a cent." The young Jesse was walked off to jail. The first thing Tuesday morning, before he had even had his breakfast he called on the jailer for a copy of the Police News. He did not get the paper.

Items of General News

The Illinois house defeated a prohibitory liquor bill, Tuesday, 62 to 55.

A slight earthquake shock, lasting over two minutes, was felt at the Lick observatory, Cal., Sunday.

Grave charges of cruelty are made against the management of the insane asylum at Auburn, N. Y.

Nearly all the 35 graduates of the Yale Theological School this year, will enter the Congregational ministry.

A Massachusetts jury has rendered a verdict against the owner of a dog for $1750 in favor of a person bitten by the animal.

Cotton growers have contracted for 12,000,000 yards of cotton bagging, as they will have nothing to do with the jute bagging trust.

A riot among Italian railroad laborers in West Virginia, Thursday, resulted in the shooting of three men and the stabbing of two others.

Ex-Secretary Bayard is soon to be married to Miss Clymer, daughter of Dr. Clymer, U. S. N., of Washington. The wedding will occur early in the summer.

Workmen have discovered gold and silver coin amounting to $10,000, under an old house formerly owned and occupied by a miserly old woman, at Columbus, Ohio.

Six members of a family named Douglass, of Newark, N. J., are prostrated from eating canned beef. A boy aged 12, and a girl aged 10, were particularly affected.

A verdict of not guilty has been rendered at Pittsfield, Mass., in the case of Thomas Rivers and wife, accused of murdering Mrs. Rivers' 14 year old boy.

The theatre at Worcester, Mass., worth from $40,000 to $50,000, was burned Thursday morning. Insured for $20,000. A theatre company lost $11,000 in properties.

There was a dense fog in New York harbor, Sunday, and several accidents to shipping were reported. One pilot boat was cut down and two of the occupants drowned.

Anarchists are fomenting a land agitation in Lombardy. There has been serious rioting, and a number of houses have been ransacked. Troops are suppressing the disorder.

Mrs. Oscar Folsom, the mother of Mrs. Grover Cleveland, was united in marriage, Monday night, at Jackson, Mich., to Mr. Henry E. Perrine, a well known business man of Buffalo.

Levi M. Gano, editor of Watkins' *New York Express*, has been appointed by Collector Erhardt, deputy collector of the port of New York, in place of John A. Mason, resigned.

Five hundred houses were destroyed by fire at St. Sauveur, Province of Quebec, in a conflagration that swept over the place, Monday morning. One thousand people were rendered homeless.

Steve Brodie, the bridge jumper, successfully jumped the Passaic Falls, N. J., into the Passaic river, Monday morning. The distance jumped was 105 feet. Brodie suffered but slight injury from his feat.

The Standard Oil Company proposes to guard its property in the Ohio field against tramps, by bull dogs, employing some 300 of the animals. It is claimed that numerous fires have been caused by tramps.

Fully 100 residents of North and South Glastonbury, Conn., were poisoned by eating ice cream at a festival, Thursday evening. The corrosion of the utensils, which had been used for a year, was found to be the cause of the trouble.

Sam Small is recovering from his recent severe illness, which was caused by overwork and constant travel. As soon as he has thoroughly recovered his health, he will make a trip through the Western States, and carry on his revival work in that territory.

A monument to the dead German soldiers who served in the Confederate army, was dedicated at Charleston, S. C., Wednesday. The monument was unveiled by ten little German girls clad in white. The dedication address was delivered by Senator Hampton.

The photograph and publishing houses are to form a grand combination. The association already has 40,000 members and extends over a large territory. The usual plan of crushing out those who do not come into the association, it is understood, is to be pursued.

People along the Iowa river near Tama City, Iowa, are suffering from the effects of masses of decaying fish in the river. Large quantities of dead fish have been taken out of the river, but the supply seems inexhaustible. An investigation of the cause of the pollution is to be made.

A bold attempt to rob the Flushing, L. I., Savings Bank was made on Monday night. An entrance was effected by the burglars, but the intruders had scarcely got inside before the loud ringing of the alarm in the apartments of the janitor, up stairs, caused them to fly, precipitately.

A cyclone swept across northern Texas, Friday. At Forestburg the school house was blown down and two children killed. Many others were seriously hurt and three are still missing. A general destruction was done to crops. Communication has been cut off. It is feared more lives were lost.

Gen. Volney T. Howard, a prominent lawyer, died at Santa Monaca, Cal., last week, aged 80. He was a native of Maine, and was elected to Congress several times from Texas. Removing to California in 1851, he was appointed to the command of the militia in 1856 in the attempt to suppress the vigilance committee at San Francisco.

A terrific wind and rain storm, afterwards turning into a cyclone, swept through Lackawanna Valley, Pa., Monday afternoon. Many houses were wrecked, fences blown down, barns demolished and whole orchards ruined. The houses occupied by Charles Robinson and Charles White were swept from their foundations, and all the inmates injured.

A funnel shaped cloud struck the lower part of Jacksonville, Friday night, scattering everything movable in every direction. No loss of life is reported. Fortunately the cloud rose high in the air without doing serious damage, though for miles eastward there was inky blackness in the sky. A high wind and heavy rain speedily prevailed after the cloud passed.

A passenger train on the Chicago and Evanston road, struck a circus wagon containing several wild beasts, in the suburbs of Chicago, Sunday night. Two wolves, a lion and a panther escaped into the streets. The animals were pursued for many blocks, and finally captured, after great commotion among the residents in the vicinity.

An Ottawa special to a New York paper says the British ministry are beginning to realize the magnitude of the Canadian desire for annexation to the United States. Lord Salisbury and his advisers realize that large sums of money must be expended in order to keep pace with the military and naval strength of the United States, or that Canada must be left to work out her own destiny.

The celebrated English race-horse, Robert the Devil, is dead of an accident. He beat the Derby winner of 1880, Bend Or, in the St. Leger, the same year, and in the five meetings between these cracks, Robert the Devil was successful on three occasions. During his 3-year-old career, the son of Bertram carried off in prizes, £18,647, and subsequently was sold for 8000 guineas, to go into the Bleenham stud, where he remained up to the time of his death.

Late Wednesday night, Mrs. Louis Palmer was cooking supper at home, five miles from Rochdale, Texas, when she dropped a kerosene lamp, which exploded, and her clothing took fire. She ran into the yard, when her husband extinguished the flames, but not before she was fatally burned. The husband discovered the house in flames, and attempting to save his two small children asleep in the building were futile.

The largest deal in yellow pine property ever made in Florida, was closed at Pensacola, Saturday. The Southern States Land and Timber Company made final payments and took charge of the Muscogee Lumber Company's property, the George Robinson Mill Company and the Michigan Lumber Company, aggregating five mills, with 400,000 acres of land, and about 40 miles of railroad. The deal involved considerably more than $1,500,000. The property is now owned by an English syndicate.

Saturday's 12.30 train from Boston to Portland, was derailed at Salem, Mass. A journal on the Pullman car broke, throwing the wheel off the rail and letting the car down on the track. The train was moving rapidly at the time, and the car was dragged upwards of 1000 feet before it was stopped. The passengers in the Pullman car were badly shaken up. Arthur Sewall, president of the Maine Central railroad, was aboard. Albert Goodwin, Mass., was standing on the front platform of the smoking car, jumped soon after the Pullman left the track, and, striking the ground, was injured internally, blood flowed freely from his mouth. He was taken to the Salem hospital. The Pullman car was badly damaged, the motive gear being ruined, and the furnitnre and mirror broken.

As the little girls in the Jefferson public school building in Washington, were standing in the aisle, Friday, waiting to be dismissed, their teacher, Mrs. Sarah E. Allen, was fatally shot in their presence by her worthless husband, who then killed himself. He was a drunkard, and she had subjected him from her earnings for a long while, but had at last been compelled to abandon him. When he entered the room with a drawn revolver, he approached his wife, saying, "Now I've got you where I want you," he fired at close range, the ball taking effect near the right ear and passing through the head. He then turned the pistol on himself, and inflicted an almost instantaneously fatal wound, the bullet entering the right temple and passing through the brain. The murdered wife and the suicide fell together on the schoolroom floor, his arm about her neck and the revolver lying on her cheek.

"Bob" Burdette at the Missionary Meeting.

At one of the immense meetings in Boston, last week, of the American Baptist Missionary Union, Robert J. Burdette, the celebrated humorist, made an address.

Two verses of "Break then the bread of life" were sung by the audience, and then Mr. Burdette was presented to speak in behalf of the training school. He was most cordially received, and the applause broke forth into laughter when he started off with the words, "Mrs. President, women of the Home Mission Society, and best people of Boston." He continued that, while it might seem strange for him to be addressing an audience upon the subject of missions, it was not altogether unfitting after all. He had one brother who was a foreign missionary, and a sister who was Secretary of the society he was addressing; and I, said he, am the link between the two countries, I am the heathen, [laughter] and it is no wonder that the family has to support two missionaries. [Renewed laughter.]

The speaker went on to tell of the poverty that was so common the world over. Some one, said he, has got to take care of these poor people. The church partly takes care of its poor. The first hospital to care for the poor was founded by Christ in Cæsarea, long, long centuries before Robert Elsmere invented himself. [Laughter.] There is really no such thing as real charity. Food and raiment are the smallest part of charity. The world says, "I have no use for poor people;" no more use for them than an undertaker has for a live man. [Laughter.] The church takes care of the material wants of its poor. If a man who is connected with a church wants to go hungry, he must sneak off somewhere to do it. [Laughter.] The prodigal had to go off into an adjoining country to enjoy that luxury. [Laughter.] Is poverty all stomach? Isn't there anything but material hunger to be satisfied? Mr. Burdette continued to speak of the fact that the churches contributed liberally in the case of an epidemic of yellow fever, or an earthquake. It takes, said he, an earthquake to shake money out of some people. [Laughter.] But a church can't go around with an earthquake in one hand and a pestilence in the other. [Laughter.] The speaker continued that the very rich and the very poor would get along all right; it was the middle class that needed to be looked after; it was the suffering that had to be hunted out that was the most real. What was to be done? People said, "Send out your missionaries; what's the use of wasting two or three years in a training school?" Well, said the speaker, we want trained persons for missionaries. I don't want a man mowing in the field with me who don't know how to handle a scythe. If he can catch up with me before he cuts his own legs off, I am the only green thing in that field that he is going to cut down. [Laughter.] We need trained men in everything nowadays. Why, a man can't get a job whitewashing, outside of politics, unless he knows which end of the brush to stick in the pail. [Laughter.] It takes a pretty big man now to run a Sunday school, a bigger man than to run the Post Office Department, and there isn't so much in it, either. [Laughter.] We have had lots of men before John Wanamaker who could run the Post Office Department, but not one of them could keep the Bethany Sunday school together, as he does, for two weeks. We need this school to train missionaries. Its work is thorough, or I wouldn't speak in favor of it. Some one says: "What do you want of a new building?" The present building is out-grown; there isn't room enough there; the matron doesn't keep a cat, because there isn't room to swing it in, and that is all a cat is good for. [Laughter.] We want to train these missionaries so as to have good men in the right place. A good man in the wrong place is no use. Jonah was a good man, but when he got in the wrong place they had to have him overboard. And just because he was a good man in the wrong place, he was no use to the whole. [Laughter.] People say, "What do you want of $50,000 for a training school?" Why, $50,000 isn't much. A man isn't asked nowadays to offer up his only son, but when you ask some men for $10, you would think by their horrified expression that you had asked them to offer up their whole family. [Laughter.] Dearly beloved, before we go out to convert the Pope, let us see if we cannot discover what teaching it is that makes Catholics love their church so dearly that the money is never withheld from it when it is needed. I tell you we can learn something from Rome. Mr. Burdette closed with an urgent appeal to the women of the society to go on and build the training school, and was loudly applauded as he closed.

Fearless Threshing Machine.

We call the attention of farmers and threshermen to the advertisement of the celebrated Fearless Threshing Machine, elsewhere in this paper. Unparalleled honors have been bestowed upon this machine, at fairs and exhibitions, State, National and International; and, if universal victory at trials is evidence of superiority, then most assuredly was an ex-President of the New York State Agricultural Society correct, in saying of the Harder Machines, "they are the best ever made." And, as equally good and reliable testimony has been borne times without number, persons designing to purchase will do well to consult the manufacturer of the Fearless, Minard Harder, Cobleskill, N. Y.

Items and Incidents.

If all the telephone wires in this country were stretched in a continuous line, they would reach seven times around the earth, and if the messages transmitted every day were sent through one set of instruments, allowing two minutes for each message, it would require ten years to transmit them all.

A Great Battle

Is continually going on in the human system. The demon of impure blood strives to gain victory over the constitution, to ruin health, to drag victims to the grave. A good reliable medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla is the weapon with which to defend one's self drive the desperate enemy from the field, and restore peace and bodily health for many years. Try this peculiar medicine.

Mr. H. M. Lord, editor of the Rockland *Courier-Gazette*, has accepted an invitation to deliver the Memorial Day address at Brooklin.

The prevalence of scrofulous taint in the blood is much more universal than many are aware. Indeed but few persons are free from it. Fortunately, however, we have in Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the most potent remedy ever discovered for this terrible affliction.

Senator Hale, who was injured in a railway collision near Los Angeles, Cal., has telegraphed that his injury is very slight and not of such a character as to cause any anxiety whatever.

Not one in twenty are free from some little ailment caused by inaction of the liver. Use Carter's Little Liver Pills. The result will be a pleasant surprise. They give positive relief.

A Quebec paper says that the volume of emigration from that province to the United States this year will reach over 100,000, and it wants to know if something can't be done to prevent it.

An Educational Campaign.

The last presidential campaign educated a great many people on the tariff question. Among other things we have learned that the best "protection" against coughs, colds and all lung affections is Adamson's Botanic Balsam.

A rumor is being circulated to the effect that Gen. Gordon is not dead, but is held for a ransom by the Mahdi. The rumor does not bear a sufficiently strong impress of authenticity to warrant credence.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA.
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA.
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA.
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

A swallow may not make a summer, but a frog makes a spring.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address.

Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

The Canadian salmon fishing season has opened and many rich law Yorkers are already at the fishing grounds. It is estimated that taking the expense of these fishing expeditions into account, the salmon will be worth to the owners about $20 per pound.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

A Cincinnati newsboy, who has just retired at the age of 20 with $60,000, possibly congratulates himself on the fact that he never was tempted to become an editor.

You may sing of the beauty of springtime
That grows on the cheek of the young,
But I sing of a beauty that's dearer
Than any of which you have sung.
The beauty that's seen in the faces
Of women whose summer is o'er,
The autumn-like beauty that charms us
Far more than the beauty of yore.

But this beauty is seen too rarely. The faces of most women lose the beauty of youth too soon. Female disorders are like frosts which come to nip the flowers which betokens good health, without which there can be no real beauty. If our American women would fortify themselves against the approach of the terrible disorders so prevalent among them, by using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, their good looks would be retained to a "sweet old age." This remedy is a *guaranteed* cure for all the distressing weaknesses and derangements peculiar to women.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, one a dose. Cure headache, constipation and indigestion.

The Markets.

Report of Union Stock Market.

[Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.]

WATERTOWN, May 21, 1889.

Names of Drovers.	No. Cattle.	Veals.
Taylor & Dennison,	11	37
L. G. Libby & Sons,	10	20
J. H. Gilman,	3	18
J. W. Bean,	3	12
E. L. Libby,	13	12
F. L. Libby,	5	12

LIVE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 4330; sheep, 8446; hogs, 22,384; veals, 1938; horses, 221.

FROM MAINE.

Horses, 62; cattle, 45; veals, 109.

3016 cattle exported from Boston this week, while the foreign market slacks; price 10 to 10¼ cents.

FLUCTUATIONS IN PRICES.

Beef cattle of all grades are no higher. Best northern oxen 6 to 6¼ cents dressed weight. Smaller cattle range from 3 to 6 cents dressed weight.

Sheep and Lambs—Not much hesitation on the part of butchers in buying at last weeks' quotations, although we cannot call the market any higher. Sheared sheep bring from to 2 to 6 cents per lb. live weight. Spring lambs begin to ease off. The range is from $2 to $6 per head, with quite a shrinking in the market.

Hogs—Market lower; Western, 4¾ to 4¾ cents live weight; Eastern and Northern, 5¾ cents dressed weight.

Veal Calves—The quality very much improved, yet no improvement in the prices. The best bring 4½ cents live weight, while poor ones go way down in the scale of prices.

Horses—Sales on good family horses easily effected, and good quality called for. Western workers neglected.

Milch cows—Supply light, with unusually light call. The great cry is the plentifulness of milk, occasioned by the flush feed. Range $20 to $50. It takes a fancy one to exceed the last named sum.

OTHER FARM PRODUCTS.

Hay, with the flattering reports for a heavy crop, which has sent along a liberal supply, is no higher. Good hay can be bought at $18 per ton, while lots of carloads of Maine hay, late cut or swaley, would not bring over $12.

Potatoes are in the shade; not much call, as new ones are very plenty. The range is 25 to 50 cts. per bushel.

Wool—This article, that is engrossing considerable attention at present, seems to be pricking up, and may go higher. Wool dealers say this start in wool is occasioned by late decisions made by the general government, on worsted goods. It appears that a large class of woollen goods, or cloth, yarn and fiber, mixed with other material, such as thibet, cotton and silk, have heretofore been admitted free of duty, offering a great field for frauds in the importation of wool and woollens to this country. This, it seems, has been effectually stopped by the recent decisions, which cause a ripple in the price. How far it may affect the price remains to be seen. It has caused some wool to be moved in the market, yet not at any very great price. As we look at the wool trade to-day, no money could be made on our Maine wools that cost 25 cts., bought of the producer. It is conceded that the stocks are light, and should any one have confidence in the future price of wool, an advance would have to be made here to obtain a large quantity. In other words, wool is on a sound footing, and farmers holding it do not take any chances of lower prices.

SALES OF MAINE CATTLE.

The Maine veals brought 4¼ cents live weight for all the fat ones; lighter calves did not weigh over 100 lbs. Live weight, brought 3 cents, while young calves sold low at $1.25@2. Cows brought $30, $35 and $45. No Maine cows brought $50. No beef on sale.

REMARKS.

Very few cattle from Maine, although there were acres of them from the West, en route for Europe. The recent rain, which was very much needed in Massachusetts, has brought about a great change in nature. Vegetation never looked finer, and this present heavy storm almost ensures a heavy crop of hay all over New England. Pasture feed is reported as excellent in every section. Veal calves are starting up, and if kept and well fattened will bring from now out a fair price. This market should be feed sheep and lambs as fast as they are ripened. When an animal is fit for market and will bring a good price, it should be sold. In regard to our fine beef cattle that if sent along must be sold at about 6 cents, we would suggest that with the present price of meal and the luxuriant growth of feed, it will not cost much to hold them till the fall shows, at which we can beat the world, and it has occurred for the last two years that about the close of our State shows is a good time to sell our nice cattle. It seems to be between hay and grass with our western neighbors, and such a time is when we should chink in our surplus. At the present low price, no farmer takes any chances in feeding a fine farm of show cattle, and it is a fine open field for our heavy showmen to buy a long string of these fine bullocks, the novelty of which will add from 1 cent to 2 cents per pound, or $25 to $50 to each yoke. Now is the time, while cattle can be bought at 6 cents dressed weight, to stock up. It must be recollected that all trades ebb and flow.

I. C. LIBBY.

Boston Market.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, May 21, 1889.

FLOUR AND GRAIN. There is a steady call for flour in a small way. The stocks are light in the storehouses, and the position on these small lots is firm. At the same time there is very little doing in large lots: Fine, $2 25@2 80 per bbl.; super, $3 00@3 25; extra and second, $3 15@4 40; Minnesota bakers', clear and straight, $3 75@5 25; Michigan stone, $4 50@5 00; winter wheat, straight and roller, $4 75@5 25; winter patents, $5 25@6 00; spring patents, prime, $5 90@6 40.

Cornmeal is quiet at the quotations last noted. Oatmeal is in moderate request, with quotations maintained by the combination. Some of the outside mills continue to cut.

Corn is quiet. Trade is small. Still the amount offering here is not large. The quotations are: Steamer yellow, 46@46½c; steamer mixed, 45½@46c; no grade, 43@44½c.

There was an active movement in futures on oats, but at prices tending downward. The call was not specially active, closing at: Cash, neither bids nor offers to sell; May, 36¼@36⅝c bid, 36⅝@36¾c asked; June, 35½@35⅝c bid, 35⅝@35¾c asked; July, 35½c bid, 35¾@35⅞c asked. On the first call there were sold 6 cars June at 35⅝@35¾c. On the second call there were sold 3 cars July at 35½c. Early before the calls there were sold 6 cars June at 35¾c, but after the calls there were sold 10 cars May at 36¼c, 6 cars June at 35½@35⅝c, and 6 cars July at 35½c. The total sold for the day was 33 cars. The spot market is easy, with sales of No. 2 white at 36⅜@36¾c. The market is quoted at 36¼c, 6 cars June at 35½@35⅝c, and 6 cars July at 35½c. The range is 35 to 36¼c; Texas shorn 2 90@3 70; lambs 4 25@5 25.

New York Money Market.

NEW YORK, May 21.

United States Bonds,	3's,	(reg.)	
"	" New 4s,	(reg.)	129⅜
"	"	(coup.)	129⅜
"	" New 4½	(reg.)	106⅜
"	" 4½	(coup.)	107¾
"	Pacific 6s.		116¾

THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, when all other remedies and methods fail.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Relief in one minute, for all pains and weaknesses, in CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

Married.

In this city, May 16, by Rev. J. B. Jordan, Elwood E. Jones to Mary A. Johnson, both of Augusta.

In Auburn, Apr. 29, Angus S. Johnson to A. G. Barnard, both of Auburn; May 1, J. W. McKay to Ida A. Jordan, both of Auburn; May 5, S. F. Bumpus of Auburn, to Maude I. Gammon of Lewiston.

In Brownfield, May 4, Irving R. Libby of Brownfield, to Alwilda G. Warren of Denmark.

In Biddeford, May 8, Joseph Petrin to Delia Mitchell.

In Bradford, May 11, William S. Foss of Charleston, to Annie M. Wilson of Bradford.

In Burlington, May 9, John F. Dunton of Newburg, to Clara Hurd.

In Bridgewater, May 5, D. M. Gray of Hartland, N. B., to Sadie A. Snow of Bridgewater.

In Dixmont, May 11, Cyrus S. Garland of Dorchester, Mass., to Mrs. Sarah E. Harding of Dixmont.

In Dexter, May 11, Benton I. Parker to Nellie M. Robinson of Atkinson.

In Edmunds, May 6, Thos. F. White of E. Machias, to Emily Hobart of Edmunds.

In Gray, May 11, Frank Cobb of Cumberland Mills, to Ella L. Stuart of Windham; May 12, Frank Leonard of Mt. Ararat, to Cora A. Wilson of Falmouth.

In Gorham, Apr. 23, Nelli McLane of West Bethel, to Lydia J. Briggs of Albany.

In Gardiner, May 16, Wm. S. Holt to Josephine Syde, both of Gardiner.

In Hodgdon, May 8, George Pollard of Cary, to Inez Day of Hodgdon.

In Jonesport, May 6, Geo. C. Hopkins to Laura A. Whitney of Jonesboro

In Machias, May 11, Joseph Stinson Ham of Portland, to Lydia Gilman Sonie of Farmington.

In North Conway, May 11, George A. Leavitt to Abbie J. Barrows, both of Raymond.

In New Vineyard, May 11, Joseph F. Winslow to Mrs. Annie M. Whitney of New Vineyard; May 13, Wm. O. Minard of Nashua, N. H., to Minnie J. Page of New Vineyard.

In Orland, May 7, Frank Conary of Orland, to Drusie H. Saunders of Surry.

In Orono, May 8, Fred J. Smith to Mrs. Maria E. French, both of Orono.

In Portland, May 14, Theodore Butterfield of Utica, N. Y., to Clara Louise, eldest daughter of Charles Standish Deake of Portland; May 16, Ernest E. Merrill to Gertrude M. Hall, both of Portland; May 16, Wm. H. Welch to Maud E. Sage, both of Portland.

In Princeton, May 8, Robert Towers to Hannah Stowers, both of Princeton.

In Rumford, May 11, Neal D. Bodwell to Flora M. Hewey, both of Andover.

In Readfield, May 5, Samuel Philbrick of Readfield, to Rose Walton of Mt. Vernon.

In Surry, May 11, Isaac Stover to Addie Boston; May 13, Fred Lovalee to Millie King.

In St. Paul, Minn., Apr. 4, James H. Baker of Cornish, Maine, to Clara M. Foss, formerly of Lewiston, Me.

In Skowhegan, May 3, David M. Sweet to Julia B. Masterman, both of Skowhegan.

In South Thomaston, Feb. 6, James H. Heal to Vannie Ogier, both of Camden.

In Searsmont, May 16, Edward M. Lewis of Augusta, to Mary Heath.

In Union, Apr. 27, Edwin Hawes of Union, to Mary Ann Maddocks of Searsmont.

In Vinal Haven, Apr. 28, John N. Burgess of Vinal Haven, to Mrs. Mary L. Young of Belfast; Apr. 27, Albert J. Young of North Haven, to Alice M. Clayton of Vinal Haven; May 11, Fred K. Coombs to Ella Hopkins, both of Vinal Haven.

In Deer Isle, May 8, Alvin S. Hamblen to Foster Lufkin, both of Deer Isle.

In Yarmouth, May 14, John H. Welch to Mabel E. Hill.

Died.

In Arrowsic, May 13, Mrs. Louisa B. Stinson, aged 81 years, 9 months.

In Auburn, May 13, Mrs. Ann Parsons, aged 78.

In Bangor, May 9, Mrs. Helen F., wife of Joshua S. Nichols, aged 69 years.

In Boston, May 16, Julia F., wife of Amariah K. Wood, formerly of Rockland, aged 44 years, 6 months; May 6, Jane L. Jameson, aged 80 years, 6 months. The remains were carried to Rockport for interment.

In Berwick, Apr. 29, Moses H. Clark, aged 67 years, 9 months.

In Brunswick, May 10, Alfred M. Sanwood, aged 66 years.

In Biddeford, May 14, Mrs. Wilkie, aged 64 yrs.; May 11, George L. Reny, aged 62 years; May 12, Amelia J. Gill, aged 66 years; May 11, James E. Scott, aged 73 years; May 13, Kate, wife of Elbridge W. Burbank, aged 50 years.

In Buckport, May 3, Sewall B. Swasey, aged 72.

In Bath, May 15, Mrs. Esther C., wife of Isaac Small, aged 61 years.

In Pueblo, Colorado, May 13, Michael Walsh, aged 38 years, formerly of Portland.

In Gardiner, May 8, Havilla, wife of W. H. Johnson, aged 44 years, 6 months; May 13, Ann F., widow of Samuel Hooker, aged 74 years.

At Red Beach, May 2, Sarah A. Mingo, aged 74 years, 6 months.

In Rockland, May 10, Herbert B. Messer, aged 27 years; May 16, George F. Lothrop, aged 36 years, 1 month.

In Saco, May 16, Samuel Cleaves, aged about 65.

In Surry, May 10, James W. Davis of Ellsworth, aged 69 years, 7 months.

In Starks, May 9, Henry L. Thompson, aged 30 years, 8 months.

In Smyrna, May 6, James F. Hovey, aged 69 yrs.

At South Corner, Richmond, N. B., May 7, Mrs. Henry Jamison, aged about 30 years.

At Wiley's Corner, St. George, May 5, Theodore Lincoln Gilchrest, aged 68 years, 6 months.

In West Athens, Apr. 16, the wife of Hiram Corson, aged 77 years, 5 months.

In Weichville, May 13, William

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

Australian Prospector, Dying of Thirst.

Water! water! I am dying of thirst!
Oh, for one sparkling crystal drop;
To ease my parched tongue,
I've toiled for months; I have ten pounds of dust,
Of pure and shining yellow gold;
To howling men among,
I'd fling it for one gill of water.

Water! water! O let thy crystal flood
Dance cool adown my parched throat;
Ah, natures choicest gift,
Alas, that man mix thee with impure things,
Alas, that man ravlieh thee;
To quaff thee from the rift
Of some rock in perfection—Water.

Ale, rum, champagne, cider, whiskey, lager,
My mind runs not upon these things;
'Tis such unwholesome trash,
Misleads the careless crowd which knows not thirst,
Save that of self-imposed desire;
To me for yellow gold,
Bring forth just one pure gill of water.

Ah, might I but the beaded dampness lap
(Esteemed as heavenly privilege),
From some smooth surfaced rock;
Or moisture from the stunted grasses suck,
Of some plain of a seasons drouth;
Or eat the painted frock
Of any low-necked flower, for water.
Greenland, N. H. J. W. JASPER.

Our Story Teller.

AFRAID OF THE DARK.

My name is Edward Houghton; I am twenty-eight years old, am unmarried, enjoy the best of health and spirits, hold a government inspectorship with a good salary, entailing plenty of travelling, and have only one care in the world—I am afraid of the dark. Indeed, it is something more than fear—it is a terror which has haunted me from my childhood to the present day.

Only three people in the world besides myself have my secret; my mother, Sir George Gillingham, of Gillingham Towers, with whom I lived for five years as private tutor to Sir George Gillingham, of Gillingham Towers, being one evening a curious story of a tragedy that occurred in his family more than a century ago, and had pointed out to me the portraits hanging in the great drawing-room of the Gillingham Towers. Some papers of the utmost importance were abstracted in the confusion at the time, and Sir George said that his inability to produce them, if ever called upon to do so, might be most disastrous. The danger, of course, decreased as the years rolled by, but the sword still hung over the house of Gillingham, though the hair by which it was originally suspended might be thickened to a cord.

"That night a great storm of wind and rain broke over the Towers, my window was burst open, my light extinguished, and the matches I always kept to my bed were wet and useless. For the second time in my life the luminous haze rolled up before me, and through it there appeared a very small room with one narrow window, the lower sash of which was thrown up—a lumber room, apparently with one bare table in the centre, a few broken chairs piled up in the corner, a few cheap steel-looking prints in black frames on the walls—in fact, great glass case full of stuffed birds, some tumbling and some tumbled from their perches, and, in the last stage of dilapidation and decay. When and how I clearly developed the shadowy forms of a man and a woman appeared dimly, and I could see that their outlines agreed with those of two of the family portraits Sir George had pointed out to me. But, happening at that moment to turn my head, I saw a thin stream of light shining through a chink in the door. I reached it at a bound, and catching up a light some one had left burning on the stairs, returned to my room to find everything as usual. I told Sir George and we thoroughly explored the deserted wing of the Towers, but could find no room in the least resembling the one of my vision."

As I concluded a page boy brought in coffee, and when I drank it my mind the curious feeling of constraint under which I had been speaking passed off, and I said quite cheerfully, "There Mr. Pallatti, I have made a clean breast of it, and now, what do you prescribe?"

"A dog," said Mr. Pallatti.

"What to eat?" I laughed.

"No, to sleep with. There is no cure but death for the wanderings of the mind or sight, and it is a gift, if too much used, full of danger to brain and nerves. But prevention is better than cure, so buy a little dog and let him sleep at the foot of your bed, and you will not be troubled with your own visions again, even if your light does go out."

We parted with mutual promises to meet soon, but I was ordered away on duty, and it was six months before I saw him again.

I had just returned to London and was intending to look him up, when I received a letter from Sir George Gillingham begging me to go at once to thr Towers on a matter of the deepest importance. I lost not a minute in obeying the summons, and, full of anxiety and indignation at what something was very wrong, I arrived at the Towers as the dressing gong for dinner was sounding.

Sir George met me as I drove under the great portico. He looked so worn and harrassed that I could not help whispering: "Good heavens, Sir George, what is it? Has that question of the title deeds cropped up again after all?"

"Yes, it has with a vengeance," said Sir George, "but go and dress new and meet us in the dining-room. There are no ladies —only Pallatti, who says he has met you before."

I entered the dining-room with the soup and sole hands cordially with Pallatti. He and I were in ordinary evening dress, but Sir George was arrayed as for some great state function. He wore dark knee breeches and silk stockings and great diamond buckles in his shoes and broad ribbon of the bath crossed his white waistcoat and he wore half a dozen orders as well. He had brought his chef down with him, and the dinner was a dinner fit for the gods. The wine he gave us was scarcely ever brought out except when some royal prince accepted the hospitality of the Towers for a night, and was almost priceless. I knew it and Mr. Pallatti knew it, found it out, and our eyes twinkled. Sir George saw it and was glad. He drank to each of us in a well-bred way and said: "I am making a little feast to-night to my young friends, for some reason of my own. It is the old story—let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow—well, tomorrow we'll do the same. It is no hope," he said turning it off with laugh.

Mr. Pallatti was certainly well worth a good dinner. Without seeming to monopolize the conversation, he always had something original to say upon every topic that was started, and his fun and wit were so keen and spontaneous that our solemn little dinner party became quite a rollicking affair. Among the subjects we discussed was the last new trick of the last new conjurer, which was puzzling all London and giving learned judges and doctors and parsons sleepless nights in the endeavor to find it out.

"Why, don't you know how that is done?" I said Mr. Pallatti, as he proceeded to solve the riddle in a dozen words.

"Most extraordinary," exclaimed Sir George. "Do you mean to say you found it out yourself?"

"Yes," returned Pallatti, "the very first time I went. There has never been and never will be a trick of any kind that I am unable to unravel. I suppose that it is a kind of gift, but I have never made any use of it except sometimes to have a little fun among the spiritualists." And he gave me a peculiar look out of his black eyes.

"Exposing all their rascally fortune-telling and rapping and table-turning and such small knaveries, I suppose," I observed compos edly.

"Quite so," replied Pallatti, dryly.

"And now gentlemen," said Sir George, as the last bottle of claret was emptied, and we were ashamed even to look as if we should like some more, "if you please we will take our coffee in the drawing-room, as there are no ladies there," and he rose from the table and walked toward the door. As we followed Pallatti whispered in my ear, "Mr. Houghton, I should like to be a modern Clarence and be drowned in a hundred dozen of that claret!"

To my surprise Sir George led the way to the great state drawing-room, and as we entered a perfect blaze of splendor met us before us. The huge saloon, with its frescoed ceilings and profuse gilding, was lighted up by hundreds of wax candles in great chandeliers, in sconces, brackets and lustres; the walls were entirely covered by full-length portraits of old Gillinghams; over each portrait a powerful lamp and reflector threw so strong a light that every gallant knight and gentle dame seemed to have come to life and be gazing at the black-coated intruders into their gay assembly. Two enormous fires were burning, one at each end of the room, and before one of these Sir George stood and motioned us to be seated. He looked so grand and stately and the brilliancy of the scene was so overpowering that Pallatti and I listened for his words with a kind of awe.

"Gentlemen, I am not going to detain you for any length of time by telling you over again the history which you have both heard already from my lips. But on this particular night I wish to recapitulate some of the main facts.

In the year 1745 my great-grandfather, Sir Hugo Gillingham, after being many years a widower, married a young and beautiful girl and brought her to the Towers. There are his portrait and hers," pointing to them; "go up to them and inspect them closely—learn them by heart. Who knows what may come of your doing so?" he said almost fiercely.

The girl was faithless to him—faithless from the very day she was wed, and her lover was her own husband's vagabond worthless cousin, son of a younger but landsquandered his birthright and willingly parted with all the great estates of Gillingham to his younger brother and his heirs forever. There is the man's portrait in that corner; study his face and figure as closely, both of you. The year 1745 brought ruin and misery on many a noble house, and Sir Hugo did his best to involve himself in the same fate. Gentlemen it is a fact that, that poor scarecrow, the Pretender, once sat in the travesty of a throne, while well-born virtuous ladies crowded round to kiss his false hand," and Sir George pointed to a chair, surmounted by a kind of canopy of gold and crimson.

"One night," continued Sir George, "Sir Hugo returned home earlier than he was expected, and stealing hastily up stairs, the first thing he heard was the voice of his wife in conversation with a stranger in one of the rooms. He tried the door; it was locked, and by the time he had burst it open a man was getting out of the garden window. Sir Hugo dashed after him, and after half a dozen passes drove his sword through the body of Conrad Gillingham. Returning through the window, he found his wife senseless on the floor, and putting a constraint upon himself to refrain from spurning her with his foot, he passed on to his bedchamber, where the first thing that met his eyes was the open chest with the old iron, while a very short examination showed that his precious title deeds had been abstracted. He found his way back to where Conrad lay with staring eyes in the moonlight, and snatched from his hand the deeds without success. Returning through the window, his wife sat up and looked at him and his blood stained hands, but her face was that of a maniac, and she never recovered her reason, dying many years afterward within the walls of a madhouse.

"He saw the whole devilish plot now. Conrad Gillingham, using his wife as a tool, had intended to abstract the deeds, and with these in his possession, to attaint him of high treason and claim the estates.

"There was a state trial, which any one can read to this day, and he was executed with a universal expression of pity for her misfortune and of loathing for the subject of his vengeance.

"To piece together these facts has cost me months of labor in reading through old diaries and letters in the muniment room, for I have never felt sure whether some day or other, I or some of my descendants might not be challenged to produce the title deeds of Gillingham. The blow has fallen upon me at last. It seems that some descendants of that old collateral branch, all long since dead and gone, as I hoped and believed, have turned up. At any rate, there are agents busily at work making all manner of inquiries, searching registers and so on, and my lawyers have told me point blank that I may be called upon to produce these deeds, and that if they are not forthcoming my tenure of Gillingham Towers may be in serious jeopardy. Unless you, my young friends, will help your host with ready invention, can help me, my resources are at an end."

He turned and rang the bell, and then leaned his head upon his hand, his elbow on the mantelpiece. A servant entered, and looking up he said quite naturally: "Put out all these lights and close the room again, Mallam—I only wanted to show Mr. Pallatti how to look on a state occasion— and take the cigars and things in the billiard-room. We will finish the evening there."

Of the almost incredible events which followed I dare not say that I am unable to offer any explanation. I can only vouch for their having actually occurred. Whether, as Mr Pallatti honestly believes, the soul can, in certain rare circumstances, leave the body and wander up and down the spirit world like a dog in a fair praying into the secrets of the dead, or whether those events were merely the result (to quote the Doctor in "Martin Chuzzlewit," of a "most extraordinarily happy and favorably conjunction of circumstances," will forever remain a mystery to me.

When I got into bed that night my brain was in a whirl, and I should have been glad to exchange nerves with a cat. The unusual quantity of wine I had drank, the dazzling splendor of the state drawing-room, the awful midnight tragedy of a century ago, and the lifelike portraits of the principal actors seemed to forbid the very idea of sleep. But when I thought myself almost wide awake and going hastily up stairs, the first thing he heard was the voice of his wife in conversation with a stranger in one of the rooms. He tried the door; it was locked, and by the time he had burst it open a man was getting out of the garden window. Sir Hugo dashed after him, and after half a dozen passes drove his sword through the body of Conrad Gillingham. Returning through the window, he found his wife senseless on the floor, and putting a constraint upon himself to refrain from spurning her with his foot, he passed on to his bedchamber, where the first thing that met his eyes was the open chest with the old iron, while a very short examination showed that his precious title deeds had been abstracted. He found his way back to where Conrad lay with staring eyes in the moonlight, and snatched from his hand the deeds without success. Returning through the window, his wife sat up and looked at him and his blood stained hands, but her face was that of a maniac, and she never recovered her reason, dying many years afterward within the walls of a madhouse.

"He saw the whole devilish plot now. Conrad Gillingham, using his wife as a tool, had intended to abstract the deeds, and with these in his possession, to attaint him of high treason and claim the estates.

"There was a state trial, which any one can read to this day, and he was executed with a universal expression of pity for her misfortune and of loathing for the subject of his vengeance.

"To piece together these facts has cost me months of labor in reading through old diaries and letters in the muniment room, for I have never felt sure whether some day or other, I or some of my descendants might not be challenged to produce the title deeds of Gillingham. The blow has fallen upon me at last. It seems that some descendants of that old collateral branch, all long since dead and gone, as I hoped and believed, have turned up. At any rate, there are agents busily at work making all manner of inquiries, searching registers and so on, and my lawyers have told me point blank that I may be called upon to produce these deeds, and that if they are not forthcoming my tenure of Gillingham Towers may be in serious jeopardy. Unless you, my young friends, will help your host with ready invention, can help me, my resources are at an end."

He turned and rang the bell, and then leaned his head upon his hand, his elbow on the mantelpiece. A servant entered, and looking up he said quite naturally: "Put out all these lights and close the room again, Mallam—I only wanted to show Mr. Pallatti how to look on a state occasion— and take the cigars and things in the billiard-room. We will finish the evening there."

The next morning, after an almost untasted breakfast, Sir George and Pallatti and I were prosecuting a vigorous search in the haunted wing, but after an hour of hunting and poking into every hole and corner we came reluctantly to the conclusion that there was nothing corresponding in the remotest degree with the room of my vision. The case of stuffed birds and the dingy prints were especially conspicuous by their absence.

We were walking away, silent and disappointed, Sir George and I leading the way, and had nearly reached the door which shut off the wing from the rest of the house, when a shout from Pallatti, who had been following at a little distance, caused us to stop.

"Eureka! Eureka!" he almost screamed: "I ought to have seen it at a glance! come back, both of you; we shall know all about it in five minutes."

The usually calm and impassive Mr. Pallatti was in such a violent state of excitement that we almost feared for his reason, but we obeyed him and returned upon our steps.

Without hesitation he went straight into the room, called the Best Bedchamber, in one corner of which there still stood the great iron chest from which the fatal title deeds had been abstracted, and taking a foot rule from his pocket carefully measured the wall on one side of the door—nine feet.

Then he came out into the corridor, which was paneled throughout with dark oak from floor to ceiling, and measuring off nine feet from the side of the door on the outside, marked the place with a deep score of his knife. Transferring his attention to the next room, known as the Blue Bed-chamber, he scored off seven feet. His discovery was patent enough now. Again applying his rule to the space between the two scores, it was at once seen that there were eleven feet of wall unaccounted for!

"There is a carpenter at work close by," panted Pallatti, "we saw him as we came up. Run, my dear Houghton, and bring him here with his tools."

I was off like a shot, and soon returned with the astounded carpenter, who had been shedding gimlets, bradawls, nails and screws, and such small articles plentifully by the wayside out of his basket in his haste. Pallatti had already sounded the wainscot; the rusty nails gave way at the first wrench the planks were removed, the carpenter was dismissed, and then, with an an almost indescribable feeling of awe, we stood within the very room I knew so well. The stuffed birds, the crazy furniture, the dingy prints—all were there, and on the little table in the centre stood a tall and handsome silver candle long since devoured by the great grandfathers of the mice who scampered into their holes as we entered.

For two or three minutes not a word was said, and then I sprang at one of the prints and tried to tear it from the wall, but Pallatti staid my hand.

"There is not a secret spring in the world that could baffle me for two minutes," he said quietly.

With one touch of his finger the picture flew open, and putting in his hand he pulled out a mass of crumpled parchment.

A short inspection proved to Sir George that they were the long lost deeds, and we all saw for ourselves that one corner was slightly rifled and stained with grease and smoke.

* * * * *

The next morning I found Sir George waiting breakfast for me alone.

"Where is Pallatti, Sir George?" I asked.

"Gone," replied Sir George, bursting out laughing. "He said he was afraid of your punching his head if he staid."

"What on earth should I do that for?" I wondered.

"Because he played you a trick—went into your room after you were asleep, blew out your light, stole your matches, and hid himself in the closet in the hope that you would be able to give us the benefit of one of your experiences, as you call them. But he told me to assure you on his honor that not one hint of what happened that night shall ever escape his lips."

"And I quite believe him," I said warmly. "Pallatti is a glorious fellow, and although it wasn't very pleasant for me at the time, the game, in this case, was well worth the absence of the candle."

How to Tame a Bear.

Away back in the twenties of the present century, there lived in a border town in Somerset County, a man named Tommy Tinker. Tommy was a shoemaker and used to whip the cat, go above and among the neighbors with his kit of tools rolled up in his leather apron, make his lasts and pegs wherever he struck a job, and grandmamma would quiet the baby and the noise of the wheel in one corner of the fireplace and Tommy work in the other corner on his bench or block or old chair, as the place where he worked could happen to afford him. Sometimes he would work at home in a place and shoe the whole family for a year, all the shoeing they got, any how.

This amount of work would not keep the wolf from the door of a family of eight to feed and clothe, so he squatted on a piece of proprietor land, as all non-resident land owners were called proprietors then. He got up a log house with a stone fireplace and catted chimney to live in, and cut down a five acre piece, got a burn on it and spudded in some corn among the burnt logs, where a good crop was pretty sure to grow from the squatter's effort at farming. Tommy had a pretty good hand at logging nicely, he used to tell his neighbors, but a pocky bear got into it and smashed down and destroyed it quite too freely to please uncle Tommy.

His nearest neighbor was one Samuel Hale, called the elder, for no other reason than that he possessed none of the traits of character an elder would be supposed to possess. To the elder he went for sympathy and assistance. Together they went to the city, as the village or mills was then called, and bought a gallon of new rum and returned to make Tommy's place to have a spree. The first thing was to catch bruin, and they made a sling for him of about two quarts of rum and molasses, carried it down to his beat in the corn piece, and left it for him to take when he came in the night, for his health of course. He came, and saw, and imbibed, and when Tommy and the elder came down next morning, bruin was as drunk as a major and as tame as a pet kitten. Tommy and the elder went up to him, kicked him and cuffed him as much as they liked, and then went to the house for a gun to kill him, but were so tickled about the way he behaved that they had to take a nipper, and got as drunk as bruin himself, and when they got sober, went down to kill bruin, he had sobered off and gone to the woods, and never was known to be in the corn piece again. Tommy lived to a good old age, and never heard the last of his bear taming experiment.

* * * * *

Little Jack has been forbidden to ask for dessert. The other day they forgot to serve him, and as Jack is very obedient, he remained silent, although much affected. "Josephine," said the father, "pass me a plate." "Won't you have mine, papa," cried little Jack; "it is clean."

Young Folks' Column

All is Not Gold that Glitters.

The fact was Fannie had a new dress; a bright, pretty blue, trimmed with white braid, which grandma had finished Saturday afternoon, and Sunday morning grandma kindly "hooked her up" in the new clothes, and she skipped away to be admired and caressed by grandpa. The new handkerchief was so stiff it hurt her little snub nose desperately, though she wouldn't for the world have owned it, and her pretty leather shoes adorned her feet, which squeaked in the most delightful manner at every step she took, and as the number of steps were made out by the proportion were the squeaks. Fannie was very fond of new, pretty clothes, and the only drawback to her present happiness was the fact that a certain little girl whom she knew couldn't see her in her finery, for she seldom wore a "bran new" dress, and when she did, liked to have folks know it. This other little girl lived about three miles from where Fannie with grandpa and grandma did, and had a great many beautiful clothes that two aunts, a grandma, and a "grown up" cousin sent her from the city. In fact, she had too many nice things for a *little* girl, so Fannie's grandma said, in strict confidence of course, and which Fannie dutifully reported the very next time she saw Little Miss Jane, as she was called by her fond relatives, and sad to tell, those two little girls had a regular—*scuffle*, sonic what to the damage of Little Miss Jane's satin overskirt and lace ruffles. It was not a common thing for Fannie to have new clothes, for she grew so fast grandma couldn't afford to keep buying new material, so most of her dresses were "made over" from Aunt Sarah's gowns, and from those that her mother wore to wear in the "long ago." Yet she was always neat and clean, but in Little Miss Jane's eyes, who wore fluted muslin every day, she seemed "quite a little country girl" to quote her elders. So, arrayed in the new clothes right out of the store, instead of from the old red chest up garret, it was not strange that she should feel a little vain, and wish that Little Miss Jane might see her and know that *she* had nice clothes as well as other people. Hesitating a moment, and then filled with a bright idea, she ran to the foot of the stairs and called:

"Gran'pa, won't you take me an' gran'ma to ride this mornin' over to Janey Brown's? We want to go awful bad."

"Pe'de, hey? Guess you must wait till next Sunday, Fannie, for I let lame Richard take the horse this morning."

"Dear me," thought Fannie, as she walked back to the piazza, "gran'ma won't let me wear 'em out, I know, an' Janey won't see me 'tall, an' she'll think I ain't got any nice things, an' I think lame Richard's real mean. Dear me, I'd good 'eal rather have new sants like she has, than old ones that lived a great while ago, when clo'es was so funny."

Busy with her thoughts, she wandered out to the front gate, but didn't take her usual seat upon it, for fear of soiling that remarkable dress, and she was always very careful with new clothes; but it must be owned that she was rather glad of it when some yellow gown with ugly, brown spots upon it, (which in Aunt Sarah's time suited admirably a buxom girl of eighteen, but which at the present time was hardly big enough for a wee girl of eight) received a bad rent in front from climbing over fences, or an ugly stain by not slipping on an apron while trotting 'round with grandma on baking days.

There she stood, pensively gazing through the slats at a big grasshopper just out of reach, when she heard the voice of her little playmate, Walter, as he came up the path.

"Hullo, guess somebody's got a new dress," he exclaimed, surveying it with admiration.

"Yes; Oh, get out of the wa-ay, Walter Ames, don't you know more'n that?"

And she waved him back with her diminutive hand, as he ventured to come a little closer and touch the soft, bright goods.

"Well, did yer think I'd bite?" he asked, with a rueful glance at the little figure standing so prim and straight, with such a look of contempt upon her face.

"I don't 'low folks to touch me 'thout their hands are clean," and she glanced at his as she spoke.

Feeling deeply this thrust, (for soap and water were almost entire strangers to his hands, and he scarce ever took the trouble to introduce them) he branched upon a safer topic.

"I guess Janey Brown would just stare if she could see you now, don't you?"

"Course," and she smiled in her self pride, but looked sober again, as she said: "Gran'pa let lame Richard have old Billy, so I can't go over there; ain't it mean?"

"Why don't you walk?" suggested her companion. "I don't b'lieve it's much farther'n where mother'n me go berryin'."

"Oh, Walter, I will; but then—" and her face clouded, "there's the old barn."

"Pooh, who's 'frald of that? I ain't. I'll walk's far's that with yer."

"Will you, Walter? Oh, goody! but I shan't tell gran'ma, 'cause she'd never let me go if she knew."

So with due deliberation they marched up to the wood pile, took a good peek both at Walter's front door, and Fannie's grandma's window, where that lady was comfortably dozing over her newspaper, and then were off down the road as fast as they could go. Before they had been very far, Fannie began to feel anxious about those shining new shoes, which sharp stones were apt to tear in the most cruel manner, and the sand would gather in the creases, notwithstanding her efforts to remove it with the mite little handkerchief, which soon became such a color, one would hardly have guessed it was once white.

"There's the barn, Walter," whispered Fannie in an awe stricken way, and there, just a little ahead, back from the road, and quite alone in a large field, stood an old black barn, long unused, and the terror of all the children in the neighborhood, for it was rumored that it was haunted by ghosts and hobgoblins, and that not unfrequently it furnished a shelter for tramps.

"Don't you be scared, Fannie," began her escort in a reassuring tone. "If any old tramp comes out I'll run home and get my pistol. I'll take care of you. Who's afraid?"

It was very evident that he tried not to be, but how in the world he expected to go the mile and a half home to get "his pistol," and back again before the tramp "cabbaged" poor little Fannie, is more than we are capable of explaining. It was a loney piece of road where they now were, and the two walked on the left hand side close by a wall, so as to be as far as possible from the old barn.

"Let's run," Fannie suggested in an affrighted whisper, as they came to the bridge which spanned the little brook, and himself Onward in the hope that you would be able to give us the benefit of one of your experiences, as you call them. But he told me to assure you on his honor that not one hint of what happened that night shall ever escape his lips."

"And I quite believe him," I said warmly. "Pallatti is a glorious fellow, and although it wasn't very pleasant for me at the time, the game, in this case, was well worth the absence of the candle."

How to Tame a Bear.

Away back in the twenties of the present century, there lived in a border town in Somerset County, a man named Tommy Tinker. Tommy was a shoemaker and used to whip the cat, go above among the neighbors with his kit of tools rolled up in his leather apron, make his lasts and pegs wherever he struck a job, and grandmamma would quiet the baby and the noise of the wheel in one corner of the fireplace and Tommy work in the other corner on his bench or block or old chair, as the place where he worked could happen to afford him. Sometimes he would work at home in a place and shoe the whole family for a year, all the shoeing they got, any how.

This amount of work would not keep the wolf from the door of a family of eight to feed and clothe, so he squatted on a piece of proprietor land, as all non-resident land owners were called proprietors then. He got up a log house with a stone fireplace and catted chimney to live in, and cut down a five acre piece, got a burn on it and spudded in some corn among the burnt logs, where a good crop was pretty sure to grow from the squatter's effort at farming. Tommy had a pretty good hand at logging nicely, he used to tell his neighbors, but a pocky bear got into it and smashed down and destroyed it quite too freely to please uncle Tommy.

His nearest neighbor was one Samuel Hale, called the elder, for no other reason than that he possessed none of the traits of character an elder would be supposed to possess. To the elder he went for sympathy and assistance. Together they went to the city, as the village or mills was then called, and bought a gallon of new rum and returned to make Tommy's place to have a spree. The first thing was to catch bruin, and they made a sling for him of about two quarts of rum and molasses, carried it down to his beat in the corn piece, and left it for him to take when he came in the night, for his health of course. He came, and saw, and imbibed, and when Tommy and the elder came down next morning, bruin was as drunk as a major and as tame as a pet kitten. Tommy and the elder went up to him, kicked him and cuffed him as much as they liked, and then went to the house for a gun to kill him, but were so tickled about the way he behaved that they had to take a nipper, and got as drunk as bruin himself, and when they got sober, went down to kill bruin, he had sobered off and gone to the woods, and never was known to be in the corn piece again. Tommy lived to a good old age, and never heard the last of his bear taming experiment.

Little Jack has been forbidden to ask for dessert. The other day they forgot to serve him, and as Jack is very obedient, he remained silent, although much affected. "Josephine," said the father, "pass me a plate." "Won't you have mine, papa," cried little Jack; "it is clean."

Young Folks' Column

All is Not Gold that Glitters.

The fact was Fannie had a new dress; a bright, pretty blue, trimmed with white braid, which grandma had finished Saturday afternoon, and Sunday morning grandma kindly "hooked her up" in the new clothes, and she skipped away to be admired and caressed by grandpa. The new handkerchief was so stiff it hurt her little snub nose desperately, though she wouldn't for the world have owned it, and her pretty leather shoes adorned her feet, which squeaked in the most delightful manner at every step she took, and as the number of steps were made out by the proportion were the squeaks. Fannie was very fond of new, pretty clothes, and the only drawback to her present happiness was the fact that a certain little girl whom she knew couldn't see her in her finery, for she seldom wore a "bran new" dress, and when she did, liked to have folks know it. This other little girl lived about three miles from where Fannie with grandpa and grandma did, and had a great many beautiful clothes that two aunts, a grandma, and a "grown up" cousin sent her from the city. In fact, she had too many nice things for a *little* girl, so Fannie's grandma said, in strict confidence of course, and which Fannie dutifully reported the very next time she saw Little Miss Jane, as she was called by her fond relatives, and sad to tell, those two little girls had a regular—*scuffle*, sonic what to the damage of Little Miss Jane's satin overskirt and lace ruffles. It was not a common thing for Fannie to have new clothes, for she grew so fast grandma couldn't afford to keep buying new material, so most of her dresses were "made over" from Aunt Sarah's gowns, and from those that her mother wore to wear in the "long ago." Yet she was always neat and clean, but in Little Miss Jane's eyes, who wore fluted muslin every day, she seemed "quite a little country girl" to quote her elders. So, arrayed in the new clothes right out of the store, instead of from the old red chest up garret, it was not strange that she should feel a little vain, and wish that Little Miss Jane might see her and know that *she* had nice clothes as well as other people. Hesitating a moment, and then filled with a bright idea, she ran to the foot of the stairs and called:

"Gran'pa, won't you take me an' gran'ma to ride this mornin' over to Janey Brown's? We want to go awful bad."

"Pe'de, hey? Guess you must wait till next Sunday, Fannie, for I let lame Richard take the horse this morning."

"Dear me," thought Fannie, as she walked back to the piazza, "gran'ma won't let me wear 'em out, I know, an' Janey won't see me 'tall, an' she'll think I ain't got any nice things, an' I think lame Richard's real mean. Dear me, I'd good 'eal rather have new sants like she has, than old ones that lived a great while ago, when clo'es was so funny."

Busy with her thoughts, she wandered out to the front gate, but didn't take her usual seat upon it, for fear of soiling that remarkable dress, and she was always very careful with new clothes; but it must be owned that she was rather glad of it when some yellow gown with ugly, brown spots upon it, (which in Aunt Sarah's time suited admirably a buxom girl of eighteen, but which at the present time was hardly big enough for a wee girl of eight) received a bad rent in front from climbing over fences, or an ugly stain by not slipping on an apron while trotting 'round with grandma on baking days.

There she stood, pensively gazing through the slats at a big grasshopper just out of reach, when she heard the voice of her little playmate, Walter, as he came up the path.

"Hullo, guess somebody's got a new dress," he exclaimed, surveying it with admiration.

"Yes; Oh, get out of the wa-ay, Walter Ames, don't you know more'n that?"

And she waved him back with her diminutive hand, as he ventured to come a little closer and touch the soft, bright goods.

"Well, did yer think I'd bite?" he asked, with a rueful glance at the little figure standing so prim and straight, with such a look of contempt upon her face.

"I don't 'low folks to touch me 'thout their hands are clean," and she glanced at his as she spoke.

Feeling deeply this thrust, (for soap and water were almost entire strangers to his hands, and he scarce ever took the trouble to introduce them) he branched upon a safer topic.

"I guess Janey Brown would just stare if she could see you now, don't you?"

"Course," and she smiled in her self pride, but looked sober again, as she said: "Gran'pa let lame Richard have old Billy, so I can't go over there; ain't it mean?"

"Why don't you walk?" suggested her companion. "I don't b'lieve it's much farther'n where mother'n me go berryin'."

"Oh, Walter, I will; but then—" and her face clouded, "there's the old barn."

"Pooh, who's 'frald of that? I ain't. I'll walk's far's that with yer."

"Will you, Walter? Oh, goody! but I shan't tell gran'ma, 'cause she'd never let me go if she knew."

So with due deliberation they marched up to the wood pile, took a good peek both at Walter's front door, and Fannie's grandma's window, where that lady was comfortably dozing over her newspaper, and then were off down the road as fast as they could go. Before they had been very far, Fannie began to feel anxious about those shining new shoes, which sharp stones were apt to tear in the most cruel manner, and the sand would gather in the creases, notwithstanding her efforts to remove it with the mite little handkerchief, which soon became such a color, one would hardly have guessed it was once white.

"There's the barn, Walter," whispered Fannie in an awe stricken way, and there, just a little ahead, back from the road, and quite alone in a large field, stood an old black barn, long unused, and the terror of all the children in the neighborhood, for it was rumored that it was haunted by ghosts and hobgoblins, and that not unfrequently it furnished a shelter for tramps.

"Don't you be scared, Fannie," began her escort in a reassuring tone. "If any old tramp comes out I'll run home and get my pistol. I'll take care of you. Who's afraid?"

It was very evident that he tried not to be, but how in the world he expected to go the mile and a half home to get "his pistol," and back again before the tramp "cabbaged" poor little Fannie, is more than we are capable of explaining. It was a loney piece of road where they now were, and the two walked on the left hand side close by a wall, so as to be as far as possible from the old barn.

"Let's run," Fannie suggested in an affrighted whisper, as they came to the bridge which spanned the little brook, and himself Onward in the hope that you would be able to give us the benefit of one of your experiences, as you call them. But he told me to assure you on his honor that not one hint of what happened that night shall ever escape his lips."

People Wonder

WHEN they find how rapidly health is restored by taking **Ayer's Sarsaparilla.** The reason is that this preparation contains only the purest and most powerful alteratives and tonics. To thousands yearly it proves a veritable elixir of life.

Mrs. Jos. Lake, Brockway Centre, Mich., writes: "Liver complaint and indigestion made my life a burden and came near ending my existence. For more than four years I suffered untold agony. I was reduced almost to a skeleton, and hardly had strength to drag myself about. All kinds of food distressed me, and only the most delicate could be digested at all. Within the time mentioned several physicians treated me without giving relief. Nothing that I took seemed to do any permanent good until I began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which has produced wonderful results. Soon after commencing to take the Sarsaparilla I could see an

Improvement

in my condition, my appetite began to return and with it came the ability to digest all the food taken, my strength improved each day, and after a few months of faithful attention to your directions, I found myself a well woman, able to attend to all household duties. The medicine has given me a new lease of life, and I cannot thank you too much."

"We, the undersigned, citizens of Brockway Centre, Mich., hereby certify that the above statement, made by Mrs. Lake, is true in every particular and entitled to full credence."—O. P. Chamberlain, G. W. Waring, C. A. Wells, Druggist.

"My brother, in England, was, for a long time, unable to attend to his occupation, by reason of sores on his foot. I sent him Ayer's Almanac and the testimonials it contained induced him to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using it a little while, he was cured, and is now a well man, working in a sugar mill at Brisbane, Queensland, Australia."—A. Attewell, Sharbot Lake, Ontario.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

HEAD

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

ACHE

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

What Scott's Emulsion Has Done!

Over 25 Pounds Gain in Ten Weeks. Experience of a Prominent Citizen

THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE,
San Francisco, Cal., March 18th, 1888.

I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough meantime ceased. C. R. BENNETT.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Rheumatism

FOR SALE. NO USE TO OWNER.

"Having been troubled with rheumatism at the knee and foot for five years, I was almost unable to get around, and was very often confined to my bed for weeks at a time. I used only one bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and was entirely cured. I can now jump around, and feel as lively as a boy." FRANK CAROLI, Eureka, Nevada.

Paine's Celery Compound

has performed other cures as marvelous as this —copies of letters sent to any address. Pleasant to take, acts promptly but safely and quietly, and entirely vegetable, a child can use it. It cures even Rheumatism in its most malignant form. What's the use of suffering with rheumatism? $1.00. SIX for $5.00. Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

G·M·D

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, is the only medicine of a class that is guaranteed to benefit or cure WARRANTED. in all diseases for which it is recommended, or the money paid for it will be promptly refunded. Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison, salt-rheum or Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Fever-sores, White Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, Tumors, Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Goitre or Thick Neck, and Scrofulous Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood - purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties, if taken in time. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Catarrh in the Head, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is an unequaled remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and indigestion, it is an unequaled remedy. Sold by druggists.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Unlike any other,

is as much for *Internal* as *External* use. Many people do not know this.

The Most Wonderful Family Remedy Ever Known.

For Pneumonia, Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Hoarseness, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Sciatica, Sore Muscles, Diarrhœa, Sciatica, Lame Back and Soreness in the Chest, it is the best known remedy. Price, 25 cts.; 6 bottles, $1.25. Express prepaid.

I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON